

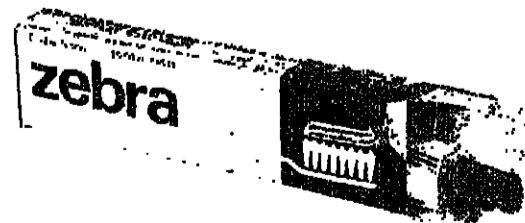
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Friday, March 10, 1972

Ski instructor makes a slalom run on slopes of Mt. Hermon this week. Instead of customary red and green pennants, the slalom course is marked with Israeli flags stuck in the snow. Large crowds visited the Hermon last week-end, despite tension on the northern borders. (Werner Braun)

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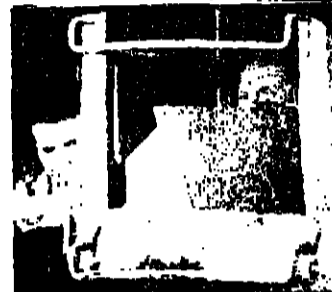
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JERUSALEM'S OLD GUARDIA

Armed with pistol, sword...and shofar



The first Jewish self-defence organization in Jerusalem — Haguardia Hayehudit, founded in 1818 — had an impressive arsenal of weapons. In addition to pistols, swords and long-handled hammers, its members carried shofars, in the hope of frightening their adversaries with its piercing tones.

SHOSHANA HALEVI
relates their story.

AT the end of the 18th century and the beginning of the 19th — the period when the Hassidic followers of the Ba'al Shem-Tov, and the pupils of the Vilna Gaon, the Prushim, came to live in Eretz Israel — the Ottoman Empire was already beginning to disintegrate. Eretz Israel, a far-flung province remote from the inefficient centre of imperial administration, was under the command of provincial satraps who did pretty well as they liked in their domain. The chief sufferers from this disorderly state of affairs were the Jews, who were the victims of blackmail at the hands of the satraps and robbery and murder at the hands of the *fellahin* and the outlaw bands that swarmed all over the country. Thus it became vital for the Jewish community to organize itself and form some kind of protection body to guard against the dangers and threats from without.

It was the Prushim who in 1818 took the initiative in setting up such a defence organization. Originally it bore the name "Sh'are Zedek" (one of the 70 names of Jerusalem); later this was changed to "Haguardia Hayehudit" (The Jewish Guard). The Guardia's main theatre of operations was Jerusalem and its environs, and its ranks comprised all the strong and brave men among the Jewish citizenry, regardless of social standing or community of origin. Rabbinical scholars and communal leaders served in it alongside the humble artisans and craftsmen.

Many and marvellous were the duties performed by the Guardia: flushing out gangs of robbers and rapists, helping new immigrants disembark at Jaffa and escorting them safely to Jerusalem; dispensing first aid to victims of epidemics; and guarding the districts that began to be established outside the city walls in the 1860s. And when Petah Tikva was founded in 1878 by a group of veteran Jerusalemites, several of the first settlers were members of the Guardia.

The morale of the entire Jerusalem Jewish community was kept high by the protective presence of the Guardia stalwarts, and

everyone had the greatest respect and admiration for them. Guardia men who distinguished themselves "in action" were awarded citations for bravery in the form of a letter of commendation. In this, the characters *קיר* were written large, these being the initials of *קיר* (His horns are the horns of the bull — Deut. 33:17).

The armaments of the Guardia were exceptionally diversified. A few had pistols; others carried sabres (a curved, cutlass-like sword) and *debeses* (long-handled hammers). The shofar, too, played an important role in the arsenal, for its blast, would, it was hoped, strike terror in the heart of an adversary. The Guardia's weaponry was immeasurably improved in 1833 with the arrival in Jerusalem of Shmarya Luria and his brother-in-law, Shmarya Zuckerman. The

latter brought with him two cases of fire arms, which were used for many long years for the protection of the Yishuv. The weapons were code-named "shmerelech" — after the two Shmaryas who brought them.

Apart from these material armaments the Guardia made use of spiritual weapons: charms and amulets, without which no Guardia-man ever went into battle and which were highly efficacious because of the faith placed in them.

The Guardia also employed one other effective military device: spies. Oriental Jews would disguise themselves as *fellahin*, and they would be assisted by a number of real Arabs who were on the permanent payroll of the community's general council, the Va'ad Haklal. One of these Arabs was the well-known scout, Daoud Jil'al. Through these under-cover men, the Guardia were often able to steal a march on the robber gangs.

Call for aid

There are many stories of the valour and ingenuity of the Guardia. One January day in 1820 a Beduin arrived at the home of the head of the Jerusalem Community, Reb Shlomo Zalman Spir, with a letter from two Guardia men who had been sent to escort a party of immigrants from Jaffa. "Help!" the letter implored. "The entire party is being held prisoner under the skies without a drop of water. Every minute seems like a year. The bearer of this letter will tell you the whole story. Hurry up and do something!"

The Beduin stood with his hand on his sword and announced bravely: "The chief has sent me to collect 1,000 gold lira as ransom money." The community elders went into emergency session — and decided on two simultaneous plans of action: they would produce the ransom money as demanded and would also call out the Guardia. Two particularly brave men accompanied the Beduin with the money in their hands, while the rest of the Guardia followed discreetly behind. In a deserted field near Bnei Brak, the Beduin suddenly came to halt, ordered his two escorts to wait, and disappeared. He soon returned, with three of the robber band. It was agreed that the money would be handed over only after the hostages had been released.

The little group approached the robber camp. The robber chief came out to meet them; at his signal the captives were freed, and the chief took the money.

Ambush of brigands

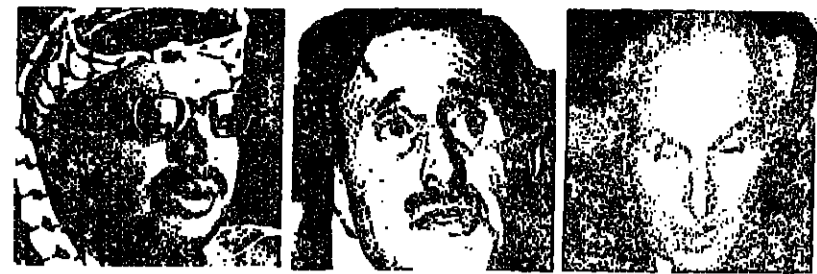
As soon as their comrades were out of harm's way, the Guardia men who had been waiting in hiding pounced on the brigands, which did not let up until the pinning them down in a well-planned cross-fire. Seven robbers were killed, and two wounded and captured. The rest fled.

In March of the same year, the spy Daoud Jil'al came into Jerusalem with news that the infamous brigand Ahmed Shukeiry al-Fahom and his gang were camping at the foot of Mount Scopus. The Turkish authorities were afraid to move against him, but agreed to arm the Guardia so that might do so. The Guardia chose their moment well: the robber band had just returned exhausted from a plundering foray. Daoud Jil'al and two Guardia men crept into the cave where Shukeiry was sleeping and out off his head. The gang which had for years blighted the peace and tranquility of Jerusalem was thus put down at one fell swoop.

A few years later, when the Jews received permission to rebuild the Hurva synagogue of Rabbi Judah the Hassid, the move sparked off violent clashes between Jews and extremist Arabs, whose main aim was to take revenge on the Guardia, which had one of its "bases" in the Hurva. In 1837 serious fighting broke out: the Arabs fighting Beduin mercenaries, and together with them attacked the Guardia. The Guardia counter-attacked with vigour, and inflicted a resounding defeat on the Arabs, not, however, without some cost to themselves.



Some of the characters in the Lebanese quest for decision: from left, Yasser Arafat, Kamal Jumblatt, Abdalla al-Yafi, Sulayman Faranjiyya — and two members of the Israel Defence Forces team which thrust into Fatahland two weeks ago.



Beirut again finds its delicate political balance shaken by the question of fedayeen presence in South Lebanon. Hanna Zamir, a Lebanese affairs expert at the Shiloh Centre for Middle East studies, surveys the problem.

The Lebanese dilemma

THE political success which Lebanon enjoyed in the past has been due in large measure to its neutral stance both in inter-Arab relations — between those states styling themselves "revolutionary" — and in the Israel-Arab conflict. Lebanon's "neutralist image" first began to fade in 1968. In April of that year (immediately after the parliamentary elections in Lebanon), the funeral in Beirut of a Fatah man killed by Israeli soldiers was attended by huge crowds, among them the Prime Minister. This was followed by a public recruiting campaign for the terrorist organizations, coupled with a fund-raising campaign, having the full encouragement of politicians, religious leaders and other notables.

In October, 1968, the Fedayeen began establishing themselves in the foothills of Mt. Hermon, while the Lebanese Government kept reiterating that it had no knowledge of any Fedayeen presence on its territory or of any terrorist actions originating in Lebanon. Lebanon's neutralist image has become progressively defaced since then, with the Fedayeen taking full control of the Arqub area — now known as "Fatahland" — and penetrating the refugee camps throughout the country.

The Fedayeen's great gains in strength in Lebanon have not come about entirely without local opposition. 1969 was a year of constant crises in Lebanon — and their principal cause was the Fedayeen. After violent clashes between the Fedayeen forces and the Prime Minister Raafid Karami resigned, and a state of emergency was declared.

Recurring clashes
The political crisis which followed was prolonged with both sides — the Fedayeen supporters and their opponents — holding out for their demands. Bloody clashes between Lebanese troops and the terrorists were a recurring phenomenon. In October, 1969, full-scale battles flared up when the Fedayeen moved westwards from the slopes of the Hermon to the Hasbani river. The confrontation brought Lebanon to the brink of civil war. But with the mediation of President Nasser, and following a similar agreement achieved between the Fedayeen and Jordan's King Hussein, the "Cairo agreement" between Lebanon and the Fedayeen was signed at the beginning of November, 1969. It was only after the conclusion of this accord that it became possible for a new government to be set up in Lebanon.

THE Cairo Agreement set out to define relations between the two sides. It limited the operations of the Fedayeen to Fatahland, and gave them in effect "home rule" in that territory — which provision was substantiated in practice by the withdrawal of Lebanese troops from the area.

The agreement has never been officially published. The Lebanese Christian right-wing leader, Raymond Eddé, has demanded that it should be "it is a joke," he says, "that the agreement is still kept secret. Why should Arafat's driver know its terms while I, a member of Parliament and of its Foreign Affairs Committee, am kept in ignorance of them?" Lebanon's need for an understanding with the Fedayeen is as pressing today as it was in 1969, for every disruption of the relationship could affect the very existence of Lebanon and its present regime. Lebanon is a land of many different communities, both Moslem and Christian, none of which has a clear and solid majority. The top positions are apportioned by community: the President is a Maronite, the Prime Minister, a Sunni Moslem, the Speaker of the Chamber of Deputies, a Shi'ite Moslem. Members of Parliament too, are elected on a communal basis; key: five Moslem members for every six Christians.

Moslems and Christians
A Lebanese's religious affiliation often affects his attitude to the Fedayeen. In general, Moslems support the Fedayeen while most Christians are opposed to giving them bases in Lebanon — although the Christians, too, pay lip-service to the "sanctity of the Fedayeen struggle."
But the Lebanese, Moslems Christians alike, are united in their belief that "the sovereignty of Lebanon, its territorial integrity and its independence" are supreme national interests.

LEBANON'S leaders and people have developed a special sensitivity to any hint from Israel on the subject of "an Israeli presence in southern Lebanon," because they believe that Israel has expansionist intentions as far north as the Litani river. They feel that the Litani constitutes for Israel both an ideally "secure border" and a solution to her perennial problems of water shortage.

This sensitivity lay beneath a treaty written after the Six Day War by a former Lebanese Prime Minister, Abdalla al-Yafi. A jurist by profession, Yafi set out to prove that Lebanon had not taken part in the war and thus had not breached the ceasefire agreement in force between Israel and Lebanon since 1949. Therefore, the Security Council's Resolution 242 — and in particular the paragraphs speaking of "secure and recognized borders" between Israel and her Arab neighbours — did not apply to Lebanon. Yafi's aim was to prepare legal arguments for the use of his government in the event of its being faced with Israeli demands for border adjustments in any future negotiations. But Yafi did not foresee a situation whereby, as a result of the Litani Agreement, Lebanon would relinquish its sovereignty, for all practical purposes, over part of its territory.

SINCE it was signed, and particularly now, after the I.D.F.'s latest action, the Cairo Agreement has been the subject of stormy public debate in Lebanon. The right-wing "Le Orient Le Jour" wrote that "if the Arqub region is not Lebanese — it will almost certainly be Is-

rael." Other Lebanese papers, too, have expressed the opinion that both the Cairo accord and the whole range of problems arising out of the Fedayeen presence in south Lebanon must be examined anew.

The circumstances prevailing when the Cairo Agreement was signed must be borne in mind when looking at it now, in the light of hindsight.
In 1969, the Fedayeen were at the zenith of their power and influence both in Jordan and in Lebanon. The Cairo Agreement gave them similar rights in Lebanon to those they had obtained in the earlier agreement with Jordan; but whereas Jordan was later able to crush the terrorists and drive them out of the country, Lebanon was unable to do so — because of the relatively wide support which the Fedayeen enjoy there, and because of the constant fear of a civil war between the supporters of the Fedayeen and their opponents.

Some Lebanese leaders, notably those of the Christian right wing, have demanded that the Cairo Agreement be either

amended or abrogated altogether. Two of the right-wing Christians, Pierre Jumayyil, leader of the Falangist Party, and Raymond Eddé have said that the agreement gives Israel an ideal excuse for invading and occupying south Lebanon. Eddé has once again repeated the suggestion — which he first made in 1965 — that U.N. observers be stationed on the Israel-Lebanese frontier. Of particular interest is the position of Kamal Jumblatt, a leftist Druse politician and enthusiastic supporter of the Fedayeen. He has attacked Eddé's proposal for U.N. observers, but at the same time has called on the terrorists "to refrain from any actions likely to lead to the conquest of south Lebanon by Israel."

It should be noted that the present positions of several Lebanese leaders, and in particular that of Jumblatt (which deviates from his usually unswerving support of the Fedayeen) derive in no small part from the fact that the country is in the throes of an election campaign. These leaders have had to take time

off from electioneering to face the problems posed by the Fedayeen. None of them can afford to express unpopular opinions, or to support activities which might be regarded as endangering the supreme interests of the state.

THE I.D.F.'s latest action was followed by student demonstrations in Beirut. Some of the students (mostly left-wing Moslems) demonstrated in favour of the Fedayeen, while others (mostly right-wing Christians) came out against the terrorists' activities. The demonstrations ended in clashes between the two groups, which only added to the Government's dilemma and imposed a greater burden on the security authorities.

The inhabitants of south Lebanon themselves did not get much joy out of the presence of the Fedayeen: there were many incidents between villagers and terrorists, sometimes involving the honour of a young girl, sometimes the theft of property. Moreover, some villagers were

(Continued on page 4)

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BAUER WARSHAVSKY

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

FRIDAY, MARCH 10, 1972

WE have had an Arlosoroff affair, a Kastner affair and a Lavon affair. It seems not impossible in the emotion-charged atmosphere of our politics that we shall also have in future to look back on an Eban-Wiesel affair.

Premier Meir said bluntly on Wednesday that it would be comic if it were not so tragic. She also said with very deep conviction that it is senseless to set out to measure who feels the Holocaust more and who feels it less, to compete in mourning, to claim a monopoly of sorrow or to apply thermometers to the feelings of others over the murder of the millions. She has pleaded that this issue, and also immigration, which is also close to every political stripe, should be left out of the party arena.

If she could succeed in getting this idea accepted even Mr. Eban's present discomfiture would have been suffered in a good cause. But it is not a simple matter. It has become a habit of mind for Gahal, and Herut before them, to accuse the Labour sector of a general lack of national feeling, of a cowardly reluctance to tell the world of the crimes committed against us, of defeatism: charges that must have produced some pretty hot words in the past. It is not only the rulers of Egypt, Jordan and Syria, but also from our friends in the West, as well as our worst critics in the Kremlin.

Confine your reading to Gahal leader Begin's lugubrious progress over the years, and you would really wonder how the state ever came to be, how it survived all the assaults made on it, and how, after 23 years it finds itself, slightly ill at ease, but secure on the Suez Canal and in borders of which even Mr. Begin never dreams.

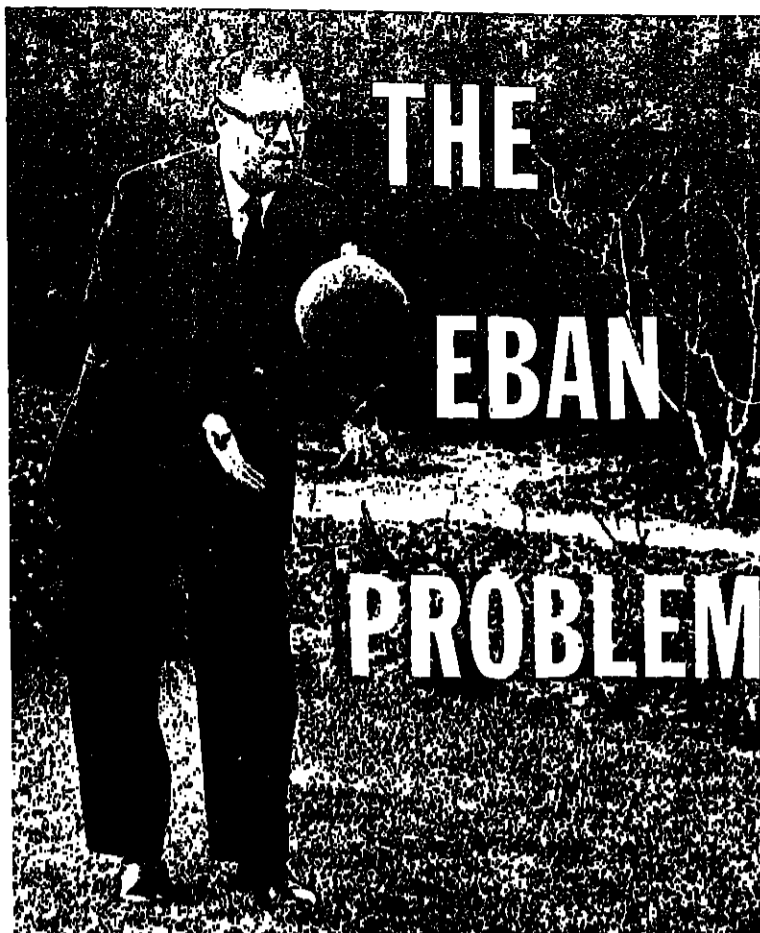
THE question, then, becomes what is, in fact, legitimate, in the political life of a nation like Israel, still without permanent or recognized borders, surrounded by enemies, with most of its people outside its borders. France or America can make a mistake this year, and live to rectify it five years later. They cannot be destroyed. Nobody wants to destroy them. But Hitler destroyed six million Jews, and at various times the Arab world seemed ready to destroy or disperse the Jews of Israel, at least to enslave them as they have done in Syria and Iraq. Everybody shares in the anxieties over these issues, Labour and Gahal alike. If there is a difference, it is one of degrees and generations. The Israelis of the latest generation are not familiar

(Continued from page 4)

forced to abandon their homes following I.D.F. reprisal raids on terrorist billets.

It would seem that the Lebanese understand full well the dangers inherent in the continued presence of the Fedayeen. But the dilemma facing Lebanon is particularly acute. On the one hand, the Lebanese Government cannot forbid Fedayeen activity from its territory and bring down upon itself inevitable accusations of treachery; and on the other, it cannot ignore their activity, for this may lead to an eventual loss of territory.

Lebanon has also learnt that it cannot expect help from its traditional allies, the United States and France. The U.S., which not long ago promised to safeguard Lebanon's territorial integrity, did not come out on Lebanon's side after Israel's warnings and actions. France too — and Lebanese President Sulayman Faranjiyya recently received guarantees of security from President Pompidou — failed to come to Lebanon's aid.



(Rubinger)

with Jewish defeat and do not believe in it, they are secure in the knowledge that Israel always wins wars.

Mrs. Meir has not the slightest doubt that she is as profoundly involved with the future of Israel as anybody in Gahal, that members of her party are as much entitled to believe they know the answers — especially as they have the electorate's support — and that it is simply fraudulent of Gahal to plead a higher, mystic patriotism in what she sees as cheap efforts to discredit the Labour Party.

It is certainly most unedifying, and in the past it has not proved effective. To stomp about proclaiming that you feel the tragedy of the Holocaust more than other people presupposes a moral arrogance that is repulsive and ludicrous. It is bad enough that the Nazis made soap of the dead and that this thought must haunt all of us forever, and not only the Jews. We cannot make political capital out of the victims, we did not want them to die.

Mrs. Meir declared that she did not believe that Mr. Benyamin Halevi, who has brought the question of the Mr. Eban's TV interview in the U.S. with David Frost up for the third time, himself believed that Mr.

Eban was indifferent to what happened to Nazi criminals. She may be mistaken on this point. Mr. Halevi, a former judge, is no politician, but a man with a self-imposed sense of mission and a conviction that it is his duty to castigate wrongdoers.

In a judgment that caused many raised eyebrows in legal circles at the time, Mr. Halevi had noted astonishingly that Dr. Israel Kastner, who was being held for libel in that he had charged him repeatedly with having collaborated with the Nazis in the destruction of Hungarian Jewry "had sold his soul to the devil." The phrase about the devil, it was argued, was meaningless in any legal sense, and tinged with emotion. The judgment was upset on appeal. In the end, Kastner was assassinated by two disturbed youths.

More recently, he observed that, as a German Jew, he had not been aware of the situation of the Russian Jews till he read two books about them. Now, he has been in the forefront of demonstrations and hunger strikes about their right to emigrate. It is quite plausible that he believes that Mr. Eban simply invented the whole tale about the writer El Wiesel who did or did not approve Mr. Eban's televised interview. That is much easier to

LEBANON

presence of the Fedayeen in Lebanon, and in their stirring up trouble on the Israel border, for Egypt is interested in anything which keeps the Middle East on the Security Council agenda and shows that the region is still a threat to world peace. This explains Egypt's support for the Fedayeen and the letter which President Sadat sent to President Faranjiyya, in which he requested that the Lebanese should not harm the terrorists.

It would appear that Lebanese Government prefers to keep control of the south of the country, and not to relinquish it to the Fedayeen, and through them to the Israelis. President Faranjiyya said at his monthly meeting with newsmen on March 3 that from a military viewpoint, it is only possible to defend south Lebanon if one single military organization is stationed there to co-ordinate the activities of all the different forces operating in the area — and it was clear that by one organization he meant the Lebanese army and not the Fedayeen.

Parliamentary Report By Lea Ben Dor

believe than that another man sold his soul to the devil. If Mrs. Meir had said that Mr. Halevi's earnest credulousness and black-and-white view of morality was being exploited deliberately by other members of his party to discredit Mr. Eban for the clearest of party-political reasons, I think have been closer to the facts.

Fighting battle

Of course it is monstrous that the Holocaust should be exploited by any Jew for any purpose. But suppose Mr. Begin feels, wrongly, no doubt, that Mr. Eban is a minimalist who will bring disaster upon us, has he no right to fight a political battle with whatever weapons come to hand? If he used the issue of immigration, and as a result one single would-be Soviet emigrant lost his visa, one could say that the method was immoral. But character assassination where the opportunity offers is an accepted political gambit. In the long run, it will damage the credibility of Gahal more than of Labour, or even of Mr. Eban himself.

HOW did Mr. Eban, the distinguished, even, famous maker of sonorous speeches, the author of innumerable neat and memorable formulations, get himself into so much trouble over an interview? Despite a superficial offer, Mr. Eban is an emotional man, civilized, a humanitarian, sometimes a little awkward, rather easily embarrassed. One must assume that the Holocaust is a monstrosity to him that can scarcely be captured in words. The answer to his dilemma is not very hard to find, and it is in two parts. One is that effective speaking in English — and particularly in English, as opposed to American English — often employs understatement, the saying of less rather than of more, forcing the listener to add the extremes himself, instead of discounting exaggeration. This is a technique of expression unknown to Hebrew, which revels in piling up superlatives.

To say in English, to an American audience, that there can be no vengeance or atonement for the Holocaust or, in Blauk's phrase, for the murder of a single child, can be quite logically followed up by saying "So I don't care" whether any more Nazi criminals are caught. It emphasizes what has gone before, it illustrates the magnitude of this catastrophe, and does this in a peaceful, non-aggressive manner calculated to make a maximum appeal to an American liberal audience. And the American liberal audience was in fact moved and impressed.

Take the phrase "I do not care" (about Nazi criminals) out of its context, and it sounds merely mad. There is the infamous Mengele, now said to have been found in South America. Mindful of all the complications likely to ensue, an Israeli Foreign Minister might well wish a Mengele were safely dead. Mengele experimented obscenely on fellow humans and should be dead. Nevertheless, the phrase "I do not care" does not mean "let him go free," but is part of a philosophical argument aiming to show how much we do, in fact, care.

(Mr. Shmuel Tamir, who cannot be suspected of wishing to whitewash Mr. Eban unintentionally served to reveal this in the Knesset by reading out a longer portion of Mr. Eban's speech. Once the phrase was in its proper context, it made better sense.)

In Hebrew, of course, it sounds all wrong, and the fact that Mr. Eban realized the false position live to have others like him.

in which he placed himself was proved when the Foreign Ministry's Hebrew translation of the original text omitted the awkward passage.

IT remains to wish that Mr. Eban would remember that he has an audience in Israel as well as in the U.S. It is less than no use his impressing an American audience with his moderation and liberalism in a form that affronts his own people, as this in fact did. Israel feeling is neither moderate nor reasonable on the Holocaust or on Egyptian threats, and there is no sense in a foreign minister being more reasonable than the nation he represents; that is not accurate representation. It does not matter very much what El Wiesel said the first time, the second time or the third time, or what version of his views was forwarded by Mr. David Rivlin. Mr. Eban is not in need of encomiums. What he needs is to speak in such a gambit. In the long run, it will damage the credibility of Gahal more than of Labour, or even of Mr. Eban himself.

Commander Amram

DR. Moshe Sneh was the most contradictory and enigmatic and respected character in Israeli political life. He moved through the whole political spectrum from the right-wing General Zionists to Maki, the Israel wing of the Communists, he was given what amounted to a state funeral, and he has been much more sincerely mourned than many of the officially great.

If anyone says we are politically narrow-minded, we shall be able to counter that in a ferociously and justifiably anti-Communist country a Communist was buried with love, as "Commander Amram," his old Haganah title. He was a man distinguished by an astonishing, penetrating intelligence that made his company a rare pleasure and a consoling warmth for everything Jewish, and everything human.

He had wit, he had an irresistible charm, and for newspaper people he had the ultimate reward that he always knew what one had written the week before because newspaper and magazines covered the floor of his home in place of carpets.

He was scornful of the Russians who were "no longer Communists." Had he completed the circle, would he have wished to return to the Zionist fold? On the eve of the war in 1967, in a major national crisis, he was clearly on the side of Zion. Would the Labour party have dared to take him back? No. He might have taken over, just as he took over the Haganah after a short time in the 'forties. Nobody would have wanted the risk. Sneh was a man who took every idea to its logical conclusion without hesitation, and would have acted upon the conclusion if he was able, whatever it might involve.

Such men are perhaps more safely confined to the making of critical speeches and writing of illuminating articles.

But we are much the poorer for the loss of this lively, stimulating spirit, the eternal critic, the perfectionist, the man who wanted a just world at whatever sacrifice, the eternal whatev'er Jew. We may remember and admire the courage and independence of spirit with which he demanded a traditional funeral for himself, and reminded fussy atheists that a national tradition has more meaning than the verbal contents of a prayer. If Moshe Sneh was a Communist, may we live to have others like him.

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

PAGE FIVE

PAGE FOUR

Handwritten text in Arabic script at the bottom of the page.

INQUIRY BECAME INQUISITION

ANYONE old enough to remember World War II will recall the boldly-lettered posters accusingly asking: Is your journey really necessary?

I would make so bold as to suggest, after the conclusion of the hearings of the Witkon Commission which enquired into the Netivei Neft or rather the Mordechai Friedman affair, that the Government put up similar posters in the intimate alcoves of their offices asking: Is an Inquiry Commission really necessary?

Truth to tell, the Minister of Justice had rightly thought that an inquiry commission was not necessary in the Friedman case; but unfortunately he failed to take the alternative steps available to him in time to quash the public pressure for such an inquiry, which eventually succeeded in sweeping away any cool and judicious approach to the subject.

To the best of my knowledge, five commissions of inquiry have been appointed since the establishment of the State: the Etzioni Commission, which investigated the rioting of North African immigrants in the Wadi Salib Quarter of Haifa in 1950; a commission which investigated security leaks to the press, whose hearings were held in camera and whose report was never published; the Sassman Commission which inquired into the causes and effects of the Al-Aksa fire in 1950; the second Etzioni Commission (both were chaired by Justice Moshe Etzioni) which probed the football league and Toto scandals in 1971; and the Witkon Commission, which was appointed to investigate allegations of malpractice and corruption on the part of the Managing Director of Netivei Neft, a Government enterprise.

Successful inquiries

Of these commissions (discounting the secret commission on the security leaks) two undoubtedly provided a public service and dealt with matters which, in the language of the Commission of Inquiry Law "were at the time of vital public importance and required clarification." These were the Wadi Salib commission, whose report contained a highly intelligible and articulate summing-up of the grievances of North African immigrants in particular and new immigrants in general, as well as sound recommendations for the alleviation of social and educational disparities (if this all sounds sadly familiar to this day, that does not derogate from the beneficial effects of the inquiry at the time); and the Football Inquiry Commission, whose recommendations may hopefully result in separating football from politics, securing proper control over the millions handled by the Toto, eliminating match-fixing and under-the-counter emoluments.

What these two commissions had in common was that they were appointed to deal with matters of great public interest and importance which could not be handled by the courts of law, and their terms of reference allowed of their producing constructive, tangible and workable recommendations.

The Al-Aksa commission proved, in the final analysis, to have been superfluous. For once a suspended Rohnan — was apprehended, there was no real need for any inquiry into the causes of the fire; and recommendations for avoiding such fires in the future were, in the circumstances, purely academic. However the fire had created such an international uproar that it was essential to dispel any suspicions as to its origins as soon as possible.

What characterized these first

The establishment of a commission is entirely proper on certain rare occasions, but it proved the Netivei Neft case was not one of them, writes POST law editor DORIS LANKIN. The Witkon Commission's hearings, she says, were "a travesty from the very outset," adding that the matter could have been handled by the State Comptroller's office or by the police.

three commissions was that they conducted their investigations in the form of an inquiry and not in the form of a pseudo-court case.

The same cannot be said of the Netivei Neft inquiry. This was a travesty from the outset.

The terms of reference of the commission were to investigate allegations against Mr. Mordechai Friedman, the General Manager of Netivei Neft, made by Dr. David Neev, a sincere, well-meaning but rather naive and muddled geologist. These allegations were partly of a criminal nature — such as accepting bribes — and partly of a civil nature — such as running the oil company in a manner of which Dr. Neev disapproved.

If the criminal allegations had been handed over to the police for investigation, they would either have been dismissed as groundless or they would have been incorporated into a properly drafted indictment, and Mr. Friedman would have been given a fair, properly conducted trial. If the allegations of mismanagement had been handed over to the State Comptroller, they would have been professionally and competently examined — for examination of shortcomings in the management of government enterprises is an everyday task for the State Comptroller's office, as the most casual glance at any of his annual reports will reveal.

But the Minister of Justice committed the cardinal sin of vacillating about handing the allegations over to the police and Comptroller respectively, and it is this which should have brought the public wrath down on his head. As it was, he was bulldozed into agreeing to appoint an inquiry commission against his better judgment, because the public clamoured for its latest fad, instead of criticizing him roundly for his failure to act more speedily through the proper channels, and thus dispel the atmosphere of suspicion and recrimination which had mushroomed.

Terms of reference

The Commission having been appointed and its vague, nebulous and amateurishly-phrased terms of reference having been stated, the trouble started. It started from the fact that the task of the Commission was to investigate, not "a matter of great public importance," but the alleged shortcomings of an individual citizen (whose main fault, apparently, was that he had succeeded only too well in carrying out the task entrusted to him). Since an individual was under examination he was entitled, both in accordance with natural justice and in accordance with the provisions of the Inquiry Commission Law, to be represented by counsel. Having chosen counsel for whom Dr. Neev, the chief complainant, was obviously no match, the latter was given the assistance of counsel of his own — Mr. Ram Caspi. This lawyer was apparently assigned the task of helping the Commission to get at the truth, since Dr. Neev himself was obviously not capable of extracting himself from the tangle in which he had unwittingly entangled himself.

At the same time the State Attorney, Mr. Gavriel Bach, was also given an active role in the

proceedings. Whether he was there as the representative of the Attorney-General, who in accordance with the Law may elect to participate in inquiry commission proceedings, or whether he, too, had been called in by the Commission to help and advise them was unclear, apparently even to the Commission and Mr. Bach.

The inquiry got under way with accusations and counter-accusations of jealousy, personal grudges, dark plots to undermine rivals, high-handed autocracy, and even Wild West orgies, being hurled indiscriminately into the arena; and at every personal ac-

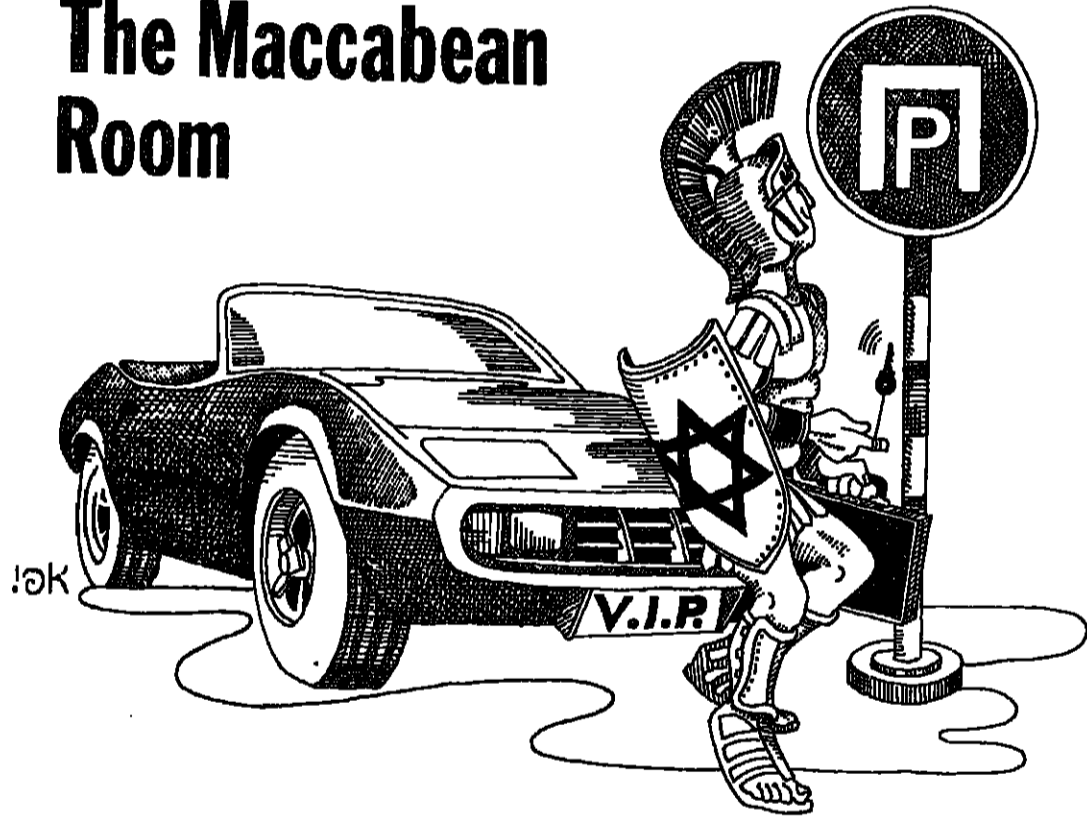
cusation and recrimination, up popped another lawyer to represent the person maligned and aggrieved. Eventually the inquiry was taken over completely by the lawyers, who themselves indulged in bitter and unseemly exchanges, while the Commission itself was left with little to do but conduct the traffic of witnesses and lawyers, ask an occasional question, and act as umpire when the going got rough.

The inquiry degenerated into an inquisition, its whole character and purpose perverted. The sorry spectacle eventually culmin-

ated in the hapless State Attorney — who by then was not sure himself what function he was supposed to be fulfilling — being reprimanded by the President of the Commission for acting as "an official prosecutor" when there was already an "official prosecutor" — Mr. Caspi. The mere fact that a learned, experienced Supreme Court Justice could refer to Mr. Caspi as a "prosecutor" is conclusive evidence of how far the proceedings had strayed from being an inquiry. This was not a calm, judicious forum, where all shades of opinion were given an equal and courteous hearing, where complaints and grievances and allegations were freely aired in an atmosphere of desire for information, understanding and co-operation. This was a circus, with characters being publicly assassinated, with victims being thrown to the lions for the entertainment of the spectators.

(Continued on page 7)

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HIRSH GOODMAN, who covered the Witkon Commission hearings for almost four months, sums up his impressions.

THE Netivei Neft inquiry is finally over. Six more weeks or so, and the public should hear the results of what has been the longest hearing in the history of the State — even longer than the Eichmann Trial. Nearly four months were spent listening to 52 witnesses give over 5,000 pages of testimony. Over 700 documents were submitted for consideration, some of them bulky and technical oil studies, and several more witnesses were heard in camera, all leaving the three-man Commission with more than enough to chew over in order to try and establish what exactly went on at the Government-controlled Abu Rodeis oil-fields.

Press coverage of the hearing was vast. This paper alone devoted some 85 separate articles, totalling well over 100,000 words, to both Netivei Neft and Mr. Mordechai Friedman, the company's general manager, whose activities at the fields constituted the inquiry's central theme.

What is perhaps the most ironic thing about the mammoth affair is that the initial complaint about Netivei Neft, filed by a Development Ministry geologist, Dr. David Neev, in the end played a relatively small part in the proceedings. What kept the Commission going from day to day, from week to week, and finally from month to month, were all the side issues which cropped up.

The Commission was bombarded with names, facts, dates, amounts, contracts, deals and understandings between the principals. Very little of the evidence submitted

Necessary?

(Continued from page 6)

And he waste of it all! The waste of precious time and public money. Even the lawyers whose participation was not directly requested by the Commission will probably receive at least part of the fees from public funds, since the Inquiry Commission Law lays down that a person likely to be harmed by an inquiry may invite a lawyer to examine witnesses on his behalf and may be given a sum of money fixed by the Commission, to cover the expenses involved in peculiar Israeli obsession with

therein. And to what purpose? For even if the Commission should eventually decide that there was something criminal in Mr. Friedman's activities and recommend that he be brought to trial, all the evidence and notes voluminous minutes and notes accumulated by it during its three months of sessions will not be admissible at such a trial, and the whole process will have to be repeated.

It would be a pity if the Netivei Neft Commission should prove to be the inquiry commission to end all inquiry commissions. For there is a place and a need for inquiry commissions — but only if they are appointed on rare and appropriate occasions, and not if they are exploited and abused in order to satisfy the false panacea.



Confusion worse confounded



was clear-cut: there was always some additional side issue to complicate matters. If the bench at times felt exasperated — and they often did — the exasperation of a reporter covering the event was all the greater, since he had the disadvantage of not being present at all the sessions and had to rely on what the lawyers wanted him to know.

The lawyers were colourful characters themselves. There was veteran Mr. Yaakov Salomon, appearing for Mr. Friedman, and young Mr. Ram Caspi, who volunteered to appear for Dr. Neev and was subsequently appointed by the Commission.

These two saw the hearing as something of a personal vendetta, and the antagonism between them often proved embarrassing for all concerned. After a cross-examination by Caspi, Salomon would corner newsmen and blast that "headline hunter" or that "master sensationalist." After a Salomon performance Caspi, the calmer of the two, would berate Salomon for being "unscrupulous" or "immoral" and completely void of all self-restraint.

Salomon was the direct antagonist of his partner, Naphtali Lipshutz, a kindly-looking gentleman of brilliant mind and mild manner. Both did their jobs well. One feels that behind the scenes it was Salomon who dominated, while in court it was Lipshutz, who has a most uncanny knack of getting a witness to say exactly what he wants to hear without the man in the box realizing it.

Salomon was rudely aggressive. He told witnesses to "wipe that smile off your face" and to look

him in the eye. Sometimes it worked, more often it failed. He found it hard to restrain himself during cross-examination by opposing counsel and often interrupted the proceedings.

Justice Witkon himself is a stickler for decorum. He minced no words in putting down any of the 15 lawyers or their assistants when he thought they had overstepped the mark. He had a sharp tongue for anyone he thought was behaving badly or letting his feet drag without achieving anything important. He is not a patient man — just as well, I suppose, otherwise the proceedings might have dragged on for another few months. Sometimes, however, there was a general feeling that he showed little patience with State Attorney Gavriel Bach.

Mr. Bach proved highly competent, as did his assistant, Michael Kirsch, whose cross-examination of one witness, Mr. Mordechai Feles — was so penetrating that even Mr. Friedman's lawyers called it a fine performance.

Just as the lawyers were divided into camps, so was the actual courtroom. Near the door, on the left, you had the Friedman camp. Blue-eyed and balding Mr. Friedman was flanked by aides who dived into their brief-cases for documents each time a witness on the other side produced one of his. On the far side of the room sat Dr. David Neev, who usually wore an open-necked shirt and a grey-flecked sweater. He generally had several Development Ministry people seated behind him, as well as a few of the witnesses on whose testimony he based his complaint.

The bench, too, was divided. On the right sat Mr. Avraham Kalir, an industrialist with an impeccable record, and on the left Aluf Meir Zorea, whose heavily lined face earned him the affectionate nickname, "the boxer," from the press gallery. Straight down the centre sat Justice Witkon — who must have sucked away a small fortune in sweets over the past four months — and the State Attorney, a convenient buffer between Mr. Caspi and Friedman's team.

Drama and dullness

Though there was plenty of drama, the proceedings were on the whole dull. Only the highlights hit the headlines. The press for the most part did not do the hearing justice. There were many less sensational facts which might

Netivei Neft General Manager Mordechai Friedman, top centre, and some of the men who played principal roles in the Witkon Commission hearings, counter-clockwise from upper left: Dr. David Neev; the counsel's table, with State Attorney Gavriel Bach, Gad Elkenman, Erwin Shimron, Naphtali Lipshutz, Yaakov Salomon and Amos Avni; Mordechai Chen of Lapidot and Ram Caspi, Dr. Neev's attorney; and Justice Alfred Witkon. (Photos by Weiss (3), Barzilay (4))

not have made interesting reading, but which would have served to give a more balanced picture of what the Commission was actually being told. Unfortunately for Mr. Friedman, much of the dry material was in his favour, while what made print was usually to his detriment.

No matter what the Commission decides — and this is the tragedy — the name Netivei Neft will remain linked with corruption in the public mind, and who knows to what extent this is true? Undoubtedly there are going to be those who, should the Commission come up with a favourable report, will say that they know better. There is one encouraging fact: of some 60 people questioned by this reporter, all felt that the integrity of the three Commission members was beyond reproach. About 60 per cent of them, however, felt that Friedman would get off scot free, not because he was innocent, but because he had hired "clever lawyers," who managed to cover up for him.

What the whole thing cost the State is not yet clear, but one thing is sure — it was not cheap. In addition to the fees of the Commission members, Mr. Caspi and the Attorney General's team, for the services of Mr. Erwin Shimron, the lawyer appointed to represent Dr. Zvi Dinstein, the Deputy Finance Minister, who was implicated in his role as the man in charge of oil in the administered areas. The 52 witnesses will also have to be compensated for the days they spent away from work and the company which recorded and typed the 5,000-page record will profit well for their services.

Mr. Friedman must have paid very heavily for the services of Salomon and Lipshutz — partners in one of the best-known and most expensive legal firms in the country. There was a joke circulating in the courtroom: What ever Friedman might have made out of Netivei Neft would be recovered by the Government anyway, since what he was paying for his defence would be sucked back in taxes.

The Inquiry must have cost

Dr. Neev plenty as well, but not in money terms. A quiet man, he once admitted that he never believed his complaint would escalate to such horrifying proportions. He felt something was wrong at Abu Rodeis. He had heard countless allegations of theft, corruption and managerial and moral shortcomings at the fields. These he compiled into a complaint to the Minister of Finance and hoped that the affair would be investigated and end there. But for reasons which are now part of history, the complaint got out of control.

Dr. Neev is a scientist whom his colleagues call the most honest man in the country. He had something to get off his chest, something which provoked him to action because he felt the trust the country had placed in a man was being abused, and because he felt that the "system" was covering up for a profiteering son. He stated, at one stage of his testimony, that he was out to crush Dr. Dinstein — not the man, but what he felt the Deputy Minister represented, a new breed of Israeli: the career technocrat who benefited at the expense of the State.

Dr. Neev won the respect of all concerned. Neither Mr. Friedman nor his aides or lawyers bore him any animosity. At best they regarded him as a misguided intellectual who had leaped into a trap prepared for him by his jealous colleagues at Lapidot. At worst they considered him a willing tool of Mr. Mordechai Chen, the general manager of Lapidot, a man whom they credit with having organized the entire "witch-hunt" to discredit Friedman for reasons of personal jealousy.

What is paradoxical in this claim is that throughout the inquiry they tried to prove that Chen was nothing but an incompetent bungler. How did he then mastermind the whole attack?

But Chen was not alone in the plot, they claim: he had the blessing of the Development Ministry which was apparently bitter that oil affairs had been taken over by the Finance Ministry.

It is all most confusing, but then so was most of the inquiry.

A QUESTION often addressed to me by many people, and now by *The Jerusalem Post*, is: How does it feel to be an Ambassador of a Latin-American country in Israel? The answer depends on the various aspects of my own personality and the purpose of my being here. I think that by combining the personality of the actor and the intentions of his actions, it is easier to understand his feelings.

I happen to be at one and the same time a child of the Latin American culture, a Catholic priest, a professor of sociology and a consecrated servant of human freedom through social justice. Deliberately, I have not included my condition of diplomat as an element of my personality. My transient diplomatic role is only an accident in my life. I pray God it may not prove to be a fatal accident!

When I presented my letters of Credence to the President of Israel in September, 1970, as Ambassador of Costa Rica, I stated clearly my personal objectives in coming to Israel. First, to revitalize my religious faith, for I was prepared to admire in this land the mysterious work of God uplifting man to the highest realization of his spiritual potential; secondly, to strengthen my social faith, for I was eager to observe the gigantic effort of men creating a society in which they and their fellow men could live a free, creative and happy life; thirdly, to confirm my dedication to the historical fight of the Jewish people in the assertion of its human rights, particularly its right to have its own home in the country from which it was expelled into "a wide and alien world." My contention is that in pursuing these objectives, I express the ethnoreligious orientation, the eagerness for social justice and the admiration for Israel of the country I represent.

Thus my personal characteristics and my purpose in coming to Israel are interrelated.

I was born and raised into the so-called Occidental culture which should rather be termed the Judeo-Greco-Christian culture. Indeed, the central "Weltanschauung" of that culture, particularly regarding the transcendental notions, have their main roots in the ethical tradition of the Jewish people as it developed from nomadic beginnings through the first millennium of its organized life as a nation. One has only to think of the Decalogue, monotheism and the Biblical cosmogony.

Visit to Wall

Hence for me to come to Israel was like going into a past which was already part of me. The first evening I was in Jerusalem and before visiting any other place, I went to the Western Wall. It is indeed a sacred place for the Jewish people, but it also has a religious and spiritual value for me: it contains the remnants of the First and Second Temple, where for a millennium the Jewish people enshrined and worshipped the Presence of that same God in whom I learned to love my Heavenly Father as an essential part of the transcendental beliefs of Latin-American culture. When in deep awe I touched the stones of that wall, I sensed the roots of my religious faith and felt that those stones had a heart which was also beating with the prayers of the Costa Rican people. I understood better the universalism of the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. My pilgrimage had started!

My readings and my journeys throughout this land have been undertaken in great part in an effort to improve my understanding of the roots of my religious faith. Whenever I go, my spirit is transported back to the days of the divine wonders: The Red Sea reminds me of the liberation of the Jewish people both as an

A diplomatic pilgrim

For the Costa Rican Ambassador, a posting to Jerusalem 18 months ago was more than just a diplomatic job. It was also an opportunity to live in a city which is the "centre of the human spirit," writes Dr. BENJAMIN NUNEZ, who is also a Catholic priest.

historical fact and as a symbol of its constant fight to remain free and of the struggle in which man is engaged in conquering any form of slavery which may hinder the realization of his mission as master of himself. Every place has a message. I cannot go anywhere without facing a Biblical scene where I hear the steps of God approach through them, universal mankind. Now I can understand the full meaning of a profound comment made by the great archaeologist Yigael Yadin when I met him in 1956 on the hill of Hatzor. He said: "We are digging here to prove the truth of the Bible, so that the young generation may not make the mistake of attempting to create a

man would consider his neighbor an enemy because of religious differences, and no organized religion would oppress or humiliate human beings because they do not follow its dogmas or rituals. This Jesus is needed so much in the Christian world and demanded so anxiously by a convulsed Latin America.

In this search I have not been alone. Encouragement came from John the XXIII and leadership from towering figures of a revitalized Catholic church like Cardinal Ben. Here in Jerusalem the city of peace and love, I have been participating in groups of great ecumenical inspiration: the Rainbow Group, where Jewish and Christian scholars meet under the leadership of Father Marcel Dubois and Prof. Zwi Werblowsky; the Neve Shalom, a divinely quixotic experiment under the leadership of Father Bruno Hussard, where Moslems, Jews and Christians meet to build bridges of peace and understanding; the ulpan of the Sisters of Zion in Ecce Homo, serving the cause of communication among Jews, Christians and Arabs. We are all conscious that we are helping to fulfill our duty to undo centuries of injustice to the Jewish people. In my first month in Israel I read the book "God's First Love" (Christians and Jews over Two Thousand Years," by Friedrich Herr. That book, and my visits to Yad Vashem, aroused in me an impulse to stand on Mount Calvary and cry out the prayer attributed to John the XXIII: "Forgive us the curse which we unjustly laid on the name of the Jews. Forgive us that, with our curse, we crucified Thee a second time."

Dr. BENJAMIN NUNEZ

modern society built only on technical or scientific knowledge, disregarding the religious and moral principles which alone can ensure the freedom and development of man.

But my digging in this land is not confined to the layers of the Old Testament. More recent layers offer me new sources of inspiration. Both sets of layers are part of the mysterious geography of the Land. I came into contact with Judaism through Jesus, who never rejected either Moses or the prophets, but instead cast his message to mankind in the mould of their relations and, to a great extent, along rabbinical traditions, all of which constituted the cornerstone of the religious life of his people, whom he loved to the end. Strange as it may seem, it is through a clearer knowledge and comprehension of Judaism that I am coming to a deeper understanding of Jesus and his message.

Bethlehem, Mount Calvary and the Mount of Olives, Galilee with Mount Tabor and the Mount of Beatitudes — as a Latin American Christian man I have been there, digging up the Jesus of the Gospels; I have been digging up his message unadulterated by centuries of theological discussion, canonical definition and moralistic anathema, by accretions of pagan culture or by the interests of worldly power.

The Latin American nations are in need of the Jesus who proclaimed a Kingdom of Justice and Love and would condemn economic, social and racial injustices as well as ignorance, poverty and exploitation of man by man as sins against God. In the broadest ecumenical spirit I have also been reawakening my confidence in a Jesus opening up many paths to God, so that no

ment is superb, because Israel is a society with a purpose and the Israeli a man with an objective for living.

This spectacle is a source of inspiration as rich as the religious significance of the Land and I must draw therefrom lessons for my own country. Latin Americans by the hundreds have come here to look into the exciting "Israeli experiment." Different circumstances will require wise adaptations of the techniques. But the inspiration that we, as Latin Americans, can obtain here will be a spiritual force to stimulate and direct their economic and social liberation.

IN the light of these experiments, and as a result of the information I have been collecting about the geopolitical problems of this area, I as an Ambassador, wholeheartedly endorse the prophetic vision of Amos at the official attitude of my Government: "I will bring again the captivity of my people of Israel and they shall build the waste cities, and inhabit them; and shall plant vineyards and drink wine thereof; they shall also make gardens, and eat the fruit of them. And I will plant them upon their land, and they shall no more be pulled up out of their land, which I have given them, saith the Lord thy God." The fulfilment of this prophecy in the modern community of nations is part of the responsibility of honest world statesmanship.

PARALLEL with my religious beliefs, my social ideals are constantly enlightened in Israel as I search for answers to the pressing social problems of Latin America. Our peoples have been trying to find the way towards a sound social order. They demand a society which, by its high productivity, its sense of social justice and its uncompromising belief in human freedom, will ensure the full development of man. When I left Costa Rica for Israel I looked forward to finding the Jewish people establishing that type of society.

I have seen the making of such a society throughout the country. Places which were not fit for human habitation have become gardens; grey, a banner of despair, has been replaced by green, a banner of life, signalling the formation of a productive society through the strenuous application of scientific knowledge, dynamic social organization and dedicated leadership.

Now I understand why it has been said that "Israel is a totalitarian society," i.e., a society with a purpose. I do not imply that the purpose has already been achieved. Israel is beset by innumerable demands for better health, education and housing for a growing population coming from almost one hundred countries at different levels of personal development. I have seen how marginal groups become impatient. All this takes place while the enormous responsibility of national security is being made its own demands. But the purpose is there: the mechanisms for action are there; the determination for achievement

I have great respect for the sincerity of the highest leadership of Israel. I trust Prime Minister Golda Meir when she states that Israel wants "no more than peace and security, but no less," and assures the world that Israel does not look for territorial aggrandisement but only for recognized and secure borders. I am sure that, once this is accomplished, Israel will use its ability, experience and resources to contribute to the happiness of other peoples of this area, regardless of their ethnic, national or religious character. No massing of armaments is necessary to bring peace to the Middle East: only an accumulation of moral courage and goodwill.

I LIVE in Jerusalem! I announce this with a sense of gratitude to God because I consider it one of the greatest blessings of my life. Jerusalem is the heart of the Jewish people and the capital of Eretz Israel, without ceasing to be the city of all mankind. I trust that Israel will keep the city as the centre of the human spirit. That is a sacred trust which Israel has received from God and from man.

I once read in a poem that the reason there are so many stones in the hills of Jerusalem is that every man who comes here takes one from his heart and lays it down there. I feel relieved of many such stones; my heart is lighter and brighter to carry to my people, once I depart from here, a message of hope and liberation.

HOW does it feel to be an Ambassador to Israel? I feel that I am growing into a free man, a truer believer in God, a more authentic Christian and a more dedicated servant of social justice and a more courageous friend of Israel. Of course, the process of growing has not always been without suffering; but the price of growing is pain and the sweetness of that pain is growing itself. I am willing to pay the price and happy to enjoy the reward.

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THE tiger devil, his face radiating diabolical glee, lunges at the Saint with a sort of pitchfork, which has three sharp points, designed to make the victim look as if he had been clawed by a tiger — oh, heavens, the Saint is down! This time that monster is sure to get him, or at least to ruffle his hair. No; somehow it was so quick I didn't see how he did it, damn it. He's up again, and he's taken the pitchfork thing away from the tigerman. He throws it away — if it had been me, I would have simply given that tigerman a taste of his own claws which would have made him look as if he had irritated a whole pride of tigers, or whatever you call them.

But the Saint isn't like us lesser men: he prefers to use his bare hands. Look at that right to the tigerman's jaw, so obligingly thrust forward, followed by a left to the solar plexus that jack-knifed him beautifully, with a final right swing coming up from the floor that lifted him two yards in the air and put him away somewhere in the jungle. He won't wake up for a month of Sundays; the guerillas will have to keep him in their secret hide-out hospital and do some plastic surgery...

What do you know, here he is again, unmarked, doing some nasty karate stuff on the poor Saint. What a dirty Oriental trick to use karate! And look, now he's picked up the pitchfork again! I know the Saint shouldn't have left it lying there. Oh, dear, now the Saint's natty bush-shirt will certainly get torn. But look, here's the faithful servant, his Malayan face glowing with kindness, devotion and wisdom, as if he was Chou giving Dick a drink and he's shot the tigerman — bang! bang! No more clawing innocent heroes for that character, not this week, at any rate.

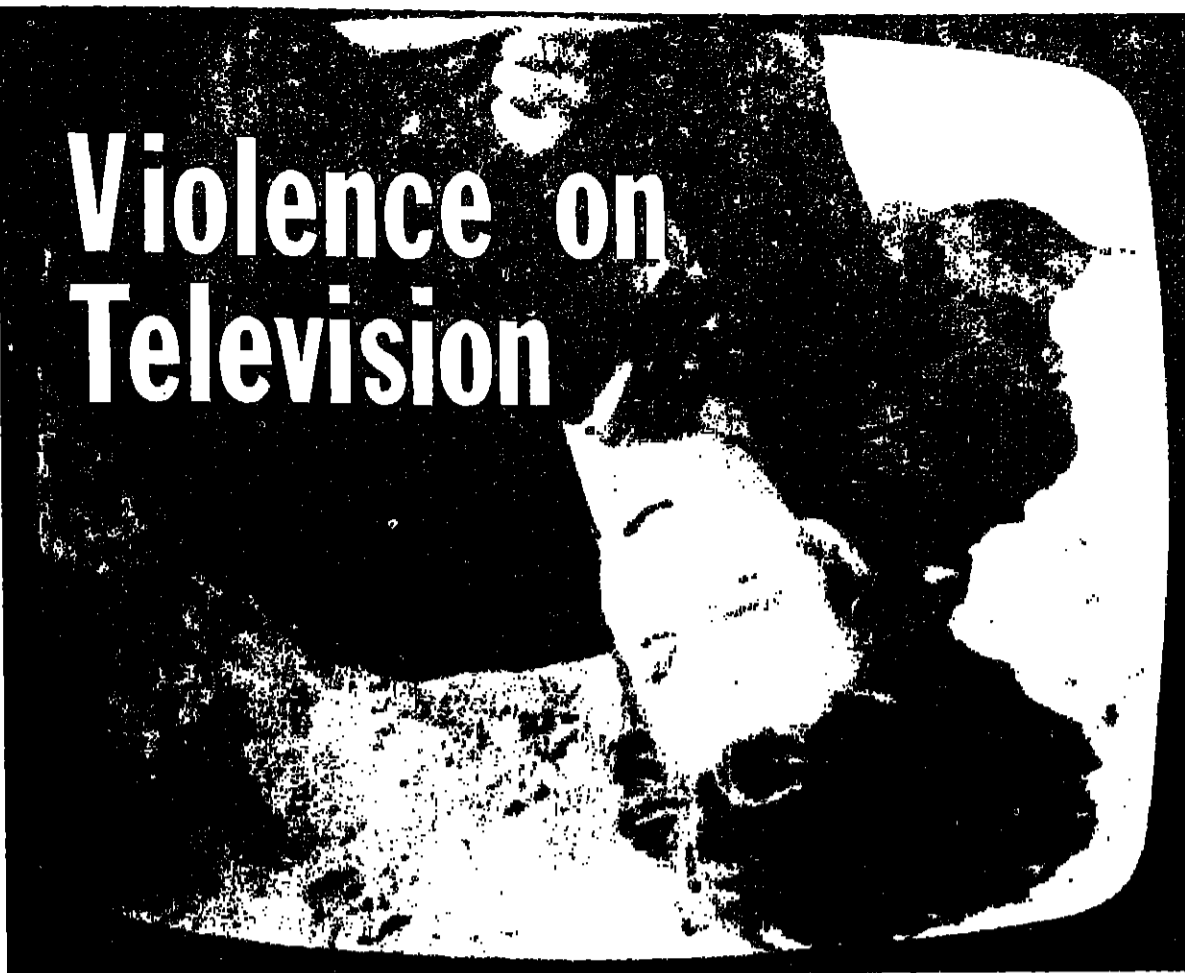
The Saint is considered a lesser example of the shoot 'em, hit 'em, torture 'em kind of Merriment which keeps our teeth glued to minutes each night, and which is able to rouse us from the torpor induced by a programme of several wise Israelis shouting at each other about this or that. As this violence is brought right into our living-rooms and keeps the youngsters from quarrelling with each other or nagging their parents for attention, it is hardly surprising that social scientists are starting to investigate the subject of TV violence.

The Surgeon General of the U.S. allocated \$1m. to a study of "Television and Growing Up: The Impact of Televised Violence." The film is not peanuts, even after the tragic fall from grace of the dollar. The trouble with the report of the Surgeon General's Commission is that it says all things to all men. A summary was apparently very ambiguous. N.B.C., C.B.S. and A.B.C. were naturally delighted to conclude from it that violence does children no harm: the "New York Times" headline stated "TV Violence Held Unharmful to Youth," and "Time" magazine read the summary of the report in much the same cheering way.

In a careful analysis of what happened "Newsweek" alleged that N.B.C. and A.B.C., two of America's leading television companies, succeeded in blackballing seven of the 12 scientists originally scheduled to investigate violence, only C.B.S. taking the lofty line that it did not want a biased committee. The others had no such qualms and got in five of the 12 scientists, known as "the network five." They managed, according to "Newsweek," "to obtuse and dilute most key findings that were detrimental to television's image." Only three scientists were very critical of TV.

Relying on one of these critics, Robert M. Liebert, a clinical psychologist, "Newsweek" wrote: "The summary concedes that some children may become more aggressive after viewing video violence — but it leads the reader to believe that 'some' is a small, already aggression-prone group. In fact, this small, allegedly deviant group, actually makes up more than half of the youngsters in many of the studies made. The summary also suggests that children's response to televised blood and gore may be mitigated by their perception of such violence as 'fantasy.' In fact, concluded one experiment, 'violent fictional programmes are seen (by the young) as highly realistic, even more so than news and documentaries.' "Another section of the summary contends that while there is some evidence that TV may aggression among adolescent viewers, it is much less certain that any long-term damage can result. But a massive study of children from age 8 to age 18 did find a long-term correlation: the more children watched violence on TV, the more socially aggressive they become."

This is strong stuff, but "Newsweek" rather tapers off to suggest that more research is necessary.



Violence on Television

(Rubinger)

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This is strong stuff, but "Newsweek" rather tapers off to suggest that more research is necessary.

THE B.B.C. study was one in depth, lasting 21 weeks of how much violence was contained in TV programmes, and what role programmes containing violence play in the lives of the viewers examined. Its conclusions, too, do not provide clear, crisp, black-or-white answers.

It was found that nearly half the number of violent incidents examined had occurred in news bulletins and other news programmes. Only one-third were in dramas (films, plays, series and serials). American films were twice as violent as British. Sixty-three per cent of dramas contained at least one major violent incident. Westerns contained the most violence. Guns were common in American films, fists were preferred by the British. In 98 per cent of the violent encounters, the participants emerged wounded and blood-free. "Heroes" always won. The aggressor was the prime sufferer in violent encounters, and contrary to popular belief, violence did not pay as often as non-violence.

The research team suggested, rather hesitantly, as a hypothesis that "being concerned about violence in television is very much more common among women than among men, among the elderly than among the young."

DOV Shinar's study of Israel was directed not so much to whether violence on TV is bad for us, as to what happens about it. He found that we get comparatively very little, a minute fraction of what viewers abroad are given. Anybody forced to rely for his violence on Israel Television alone must be having a very thin time, according to Shinar's investigation. Television House, Shinar finds, tends voluntarily to take a middle-of-the-road line about violence and sex, as about almost everything else. "Mannix," seen by some of us on Jordan TV, was not acquired on the ground of "too much violence." "Bonanza" and "Gunsmoke" were given up for this reason. The showing of "The Servant," a high-quality, spooky, homosexuality-tinged film, was held up for some time.

In covering the news, there is considerable cleaning-up — in general, the corpses of killed men, Jews or Arabs, are not shown. (The recent coverage of the Lebanon incident was an exception.) A close-up showing the wounds inflicted on an Israeli soldier was being loaded on a truck. A watermelon trader threatening an Arab with a knife after the hand gra-

Several recent studies have probed the effect of violence in television programming, particularly on the young. The Post's PHILIP GILLON takes a look at American, British and Israeli studies, and talks with DOV SHINAR, author of the Israeli report.

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ment for wrongdoing is generally a quick, clean death, not a long-drawn-out trial.

One of the old theories now generally rejected is that identification with violent performers on television serves as a catharsis. This belief was that, after an evening with the Saint or Marshal Dillon, the viewer toddles happily off to bed instead of beating his wife — or his little brother or parents, if he is a child. It is now generally accepted that violence on TV does not provide an easy outlet for aggression. It does, of course, provide an escape from pretty grim reality for most people.

In Israel, children's programmes are selected so as to avoid too much violence. And yet, Dov Shinar points out, there can be considerable danger here. One violent incident in "Leslie," normally an innocuous programme, may upset the children more than a score of killings in a thriller or Western, because of the close identification. Cartoons, according to Dov Shinar, are so clearly fantasies that they can contain any amount of violence without doing any harm.

The weakness of all the research, it seems to me, is that workers are investigating only the dramas, whereas the news contains most terrifying violence in realistic settings. War, riot, accident, fights, arguments — the daily quota of news is brutal indeed, however much effort is made to filter it. Pictures of victims of Arab terrorists or subsequent funerals stir Jews to rage; no doubt pictures of Arabs killed in reprisal raids must have the same effect in Arab countries. Who really cares what the Saint and Tigerman do to each other? But one certainly feels violent when a neighbour is killed or wounded by terrorists.

Dov Shinar agrees — that is why, he says, real research would have to be into the total programme, indeed, into the total environment. It is a distortion to pick out television dramas. What about the effects of cinema, theatre, newspapers, street scenes? True research into violence would have to cover the totality.

I put it to him that aggression and violence are characteristics of man. All literature — the Bible, the Greeks, Shakespeare — is a record of violence far more shocking than anything TV can devise. So, for that matter, is most history. Isn't television merely holding up a mirror to nature, even though it may be a distorting mirror?

Dov Shinar concedes that aggression is obviously deep-rooted in man, and may indeed have some positive aspects. But that does not mean that it has to be expressed in violence. He fears that television may desensitize us, may make us immune to the shock caused by violence — but this, he emphasizes, is merely an impression, not the result of any research. Against the desensitization theory is the argument that it was TV news coverage of the Vietnam war that produced the great flowering of pacifism and anti-war feeling in the U.S.

Why pick on television when every other aspect of life is so full of violence? Why this discrimination against our favourite programmes? He says that television is different from reading or any other activity, because it brings the film right into the home, makes it part of our daily lives.

"If I had a lot of money for research," concludes Lov, "I would take carefully selected samples of society and find what influences the people concerned. Not only in breadth, but also in depth. Not just television, drama, but a totality of influences. It would be difficult, very difficult. But it has to be done, not only for television; we really should know what makes our society tick the way it does."

In the meanwhile, we face this very difficult choice. "The Persuaders" or "Hawaii Five-O"?

EXAMINING all these conflicting reports from the U.S., Britain and Israel left me as confused as I was when I went into the subject: nobody gave a clear answer to the simple question of whether violence was bad for viewers, particularly the young, or not. So I turned to Dov Shinar in person. Born in Brazil, he was educated at the Hebrew University and the University of Pennsylvania, runs courses in Eilahu Katz's Communications Institute, and hopes to get his Ph.D. shortly.

He agrees that the research results so far are disappointingly inconclusive, but explains that this is inevitable: to get a really clear picture, it is essential to examine the total environment as well as the television programmes. This involves an enormous investment of time, money and energy: the U.S. Surgeon-General's report is only a beginning, and that cost \$1m.

Dr. Frederick Wertham rocked the American boat considerably when he proclaimed that there was a TV School in Violence, leading to a sharp rise in violence in fact: he found that there was a direct link between the box and the blows. Five years ago Dr. Milton Eisenhower's committee examined the problem by analysing the content of dramas, rather than trying to test viewers — the first time this was done — and he came up with some curious results. He found that TV violence is not painful, no blood flows, no wounds or bruises or aches result from these battles (witness the imperturbable Saint). The context is generally remote and unfamiliar, the fight takes place in a faraway land or at a different period. Both the goodies and the baddies use violence, but crime never pays in the end; it is the being loaded on a truck. A watermelon trader threatening an Arab with a knife after the hand gra-

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**The coat-hangers of
Vienna**
By Ephraim Kishon

WINTER is a serious affair
in Vienna. Whoever goes out-
doors without an overcoat runs an
excellent chance of subsisting on
aspirin for the next few days.
However, as soon as you enter
any place of public entertainment,
a silver-haired Austrian grandma
shoots up out of the ground and
says:

"Garderobe."

Which is cloakroom in Deutsch.
With that she takes your over-
coat and drags it into her lair,
not to be seen again except
on your way out, against a ran-
som. As a matter of fact, she
doesn't ask for money; she only
returns the kidnapped coat and
says:

"Danke schoen."

Once, in a big Vienna theatre,
I asked the local crane:
"How much do I owe you?"
She answered: "The usual."

That is to say, she isn't in-
terested in the remuneration, she
doesn't do this for the money,
but for the excitement. She is a
fixture of the Austrian capital,
she is one of Vienna's famous
coat removers.

Their single-minded devotion to
the cause is proverbial. A fly
doesn't get into one of the city's
restaurants without removing its
coat. Once, if memory serves me,
I intended just to say a word
to an acquaintance in the re-
nowned Sacher patisserie. I dash-
ed past the hag on duty, but
before I had reached the end of
the hall, the remover barred my
way.

"Garderobe."
"Just for a moment, ma'm," I
threw at her and continued on
my way.

She blocked my further pro-
gress. I jumped aside to bypass
her but she dived and caught my
coat. Dragging her along, I shook
her off and skilfully dribbled
past her. The old lady caught
me in a running tackle and held
on to my knees with her two

hands. It was a brief but bitter
struggle. You wouldn't believe
what powerful, sinewy arms these
old women have.

She impounded my coat, with a
few deft dabs, cleaned me of all
traces of the fight, and hung the
coat carefully on a hanger. Then
she stuck a number on the coat
and handed me a counterfoil
bearing the same number. I
pushed the slip in my pocket,
went into Sacher's, shouted "Eight
o'clock!" at Friedrich, turned on
my heel, took out the slip and
gave it to the old lady. There-
upon she took the coat off its
hanger, removed a few strands
of invisible lint from it, as well
as the number, and said:

"Danke schoen."

I gave her ten schillings, a
fortune even by international
standards, meaning to bribe her
so that she shouldn't stop me
next time, but she accepted the
gift without turning a hair. As
I said, for the Vienna coat-
hangers, money is only a means,
not an end. One has only to
look into their tired eyes, fram-
ed by a sallow and covetous face,
to realize that they live for their
daily coats. Take away your coat
from them and you have taken
away their raison d'etre. It's a
sort of addiction, like opium.

It once happened that a group
of irate citizens organized them-
selves and burst into a hotel all
at the same time, dispersing like
lightning, with their coats, into
the four corners of the building.
In such emergencies the old
monster divides herself into three
or four sub-monsters and shows
up in every corner, in a genuine
witch-hunt, and collects the con-
traband coats one by one.

I saw with my own eyes how a
respected, veteran Austrian post
her but she dived and refused to
surrender his coat. He buttoned
it right up and clutched it to
his shrivelled body with a
strength belying his age, like the
clerk in Gogol's "The Coat."

"I won't," he bawled and
pressed his bloodless lips to-
gether.
"I'm sick. I'm running a temper-
ature. I don't want to."
The over-ripe hat-check girl
stood behind him mutely for a
whole hour, never for a second
removing her eyes from the ob-
ject of her lust. In the end, the
distinguished poet broke down
and handed over his coat peace-
fully. One could smell the vio-
lence in the air.



THEY are everywhere, the
grandmas of Vienna. To the end
of my days I shall remember the
time I was sitting in a posh
cinema, when suddenly I felt a
light touch from below. The old
lady had crawled under the seats
up to my coat and now breathed
into the darkness: "Garderobe."

What is the remedy? The story
is told of a Latin-American tourist
who had gone off his rocker in
Vienna because of the perpetual
coat badgering. One day he wrapp-

ed his naked body in a fur coat
and when the old lady at his hotel
unwrapped him, he was left in
the altogether in the middle of
the crowded lobby. The old lady
handed him his number without
batting an eyelid and placidly
hung up the coat.
Two days before my departure
from the capital of the Hapsburgs
I was awakened at midnight by
a sudden crash. The door of my
hotel room was smashed in and
fell off its hinges. Then the old
woman burst in and made
straight for the closet. She took
my coat out, together with its
hanger.
"Sir," she hissed, "kiss it good-
bye."
Naturally it was only a silly
dream. In the morning my coat
was returned undamaged at the
downstairs cloakroom. The num-
ber 107 was still sticking to it.

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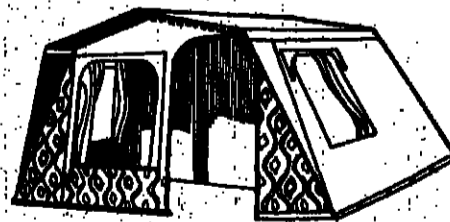
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Incense



THE two combined portions of
this week, which complete the
long account of the erection of
the Sanctuary in the wilderness,
consisting as it does of the
account of the faithful and
meticulous fulfillment of the
master plan, is overwhelmingly,
if not completely, a repetition of
the previous chapters, with the
change that where the details are
introduced by the words "Thou
shalt make," this portions has
"and he made."

There is one exception in
Nahmanides' commentary on the
portion which deals with the ful-
fillment of that commandment
which belongs wholly to the
world of flora: the making of
anointing oil and the incense
which was used in the Temple.
The verse (Ex. 37:29) reads:
"And he made the holy anoint-
ing oil, and the pure incense of
sweet spices, according to the
work of the perfumer." As Nah-
manides cogently points out, this
formulation is entirely different
from those used for the other
parts of the sanctuary which,
without exception, repeat the
materials of which they were
made or compounded, whether
gold, silver, copper or whitish
wood. These ingredients are men-
tioned in the injunction (Lev. 30:
24, and 34:27); why then the
distinction?

The exposition of Nahmanides
for both these passages is a joy
and delight (including a fascinat-
ing exegesis on verse 34, which
was omitted from the printed
edition and has been restored in
Rabbi Chavel's new authoritative
edition: see p.499 and note 38);
but exigencies of space oblige me
merely to give his conclusion.
It is to the effect that the
answer is to be found in the con-
cluding words, *ma'aseh rokeach*,
"the work of the perfumer." He
suggests that the delicate com-
pounding of the oils and the
incense was left entirely to the
highly skilled perfumers who
jealously kept the secret art of
the mixing to themselves.

That was certainly the case
with regard to the production of
the incense used in the Second
Temple. It was a monopoly of
a family called the Bet Avtinas,
and they kept it as a monopoly
and, resolutely refused to teach it
to others. At first, the rabbis
strongly reproved them for this
but later they justified them
(Yoma 311), and in that passage
omitted from the printed editions
and restored by Chavel, Nahman-
ides quotes a Midrash which
explains the remarkable differ-
ence between the text of the
ingredients given in the Bible,
and those given in the Talmud
in the *Pitron Ha-Ketores*: "The
rabbi investigated and found
that those eleven ingredients
which were suitable for the
incense."

L.I. RABINOWITZ

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The writer's struggle for recognition

Is Wright Morris a victim of the N.Y. literary Mafia?

SOME time ago I came across one of the most disturbing book reviews I have read in recent years. It was by Professor John W. Aldridge of the University of Michigan, writing in the "N.Y. Times Book Review," and the book reviewed on a full page of that prestigious organ was "Wright Morris: A Reader." Prof. Aldridge contended that Morris, one of the major contemporary American novelists, if not the major one, was not appreciated by American readers because he did not have the support of the "ethnic groups" who run the American literary establishment. As he put it:



John W. Aldridge: "...justice for Morris..."

"When the publication furor dies away and critics have written their usually laudatory reviews, Morris seems to be more firmly established than ever in his position as the least well known and most widely unappreciated important writer alive in this country. As a result, the effort to obtain justice for Morris has now reached the proportions of a literary Dreyfus case... Why is it, that Morris has so far been unable to establish his literary status and readership? An answer would seem to be that Morris's images which come immediately to mind in the case of Morris this primal scene, which returns over and over, is the Great Plains of the American Northwest, Nebraska, where he was born and brought up. In some of Morris' work the plains seem to be more the subject of the novel than the people who sparsely populate them.

Morris has produced three books in which he combined photographs with the text, "The Inhabitant," "The Home Place," and "God's Country and My People." He himself did the photography as well as the text, and looking at these bare, spare, isolated places and objects which he captured and reproduced, it is not difficult to understand the enchantment of that enormous emptiness. On the first photograph of "God's Country" there is a photograph of an abandoned house, one of those we have seen in Edward Hopper's paintings. The text facing it reads:

"Is it a house or an ark? A solid seems to blow on the sea of grass and the land falls away like the sea from a swell. On the receding horizons waves of plain break like a surf. The colours run where the grain stirs, or bleed where the blacktop smokes like an oil slick, or evaporate into a shimmering blur of heat and light. The colour scheme is sun-dried denim and kiln-dried earth. Like the sea there is no shade. There is no place to hide. A mindless wind fills the void, but nobody hears it; it's the thunderclap of silence that wakes the sleeper. The mast of a dead tree, its spar shattered, tilts to the leeward its fattered rigging; in the winter it is looked in a sea of dry ice. The man who built the house had a whaleman's eyes in a plainsman's face. He brought the clapboards in by ox cart over the rolling caty trail from Salinas. A windy crossing. Little wonder this house resembles an ark."

As Hicks rightly states, "the comparison of the plains with the sea is not merely a vivid figure of speech; it is one of Morris's ways of telling us what the plains mean to him. They mean, that is, all that the sea meant to Melville or to Conrad — a symbol, if you will, of the universe."

The plains are important to Morris, but more important than the plains themselves is the effect that these enormous rolling flatlands have upon the eye of the beholder. Morris himself commented: "As a brooding downy, Melville's sea — to writer, of the South inclines toward,

WRIGHT MORRIS: A READER. Introduction by Granville Hick. N.Y., Harper and Row. 648 pp. \$12.95.

FIRE SERMON by Wright Morris. N.Y., Harper and Row. 155 pp. \$5.95.

Reviewed by
Lois Bar Yaacov



Wright Morris — "a literary Dreyfus case."

the baroque, and strives for the symbolic ornamental cluster, the writer on the plains is powerfully inclined to sheer the ornament off." This breeds a peculiar vision in which objects seen singly seem to have a lonely life and significance of their own — a single, canebacked chair, an egg in a pile of straw, an old hat on a peg. Morris' camera eye stares at them with a kind of frustrated longing. It is as if he were saying over and over — this is so moving, what does it mean? It must have a significance over and above its lonely, etched and edged self.

The plains vision

One of the peculiarities of the plains vision is that as objects seem to acquire a life within them, so people take on something of the character of objects, etched, edged and isolated. Take, for example, the opening words of "Fire Sermon":

"What the boy sees where the children are crossing makes his eyes squint. It is a long city block to the grade school exit where the old man gleams in the sun like a stop sign, and that is how he looks. He wears a yellow plastic helmet and an orange jacket with the word STOP stencilled on the back of it. The flaming colour makes the boy squint and hard to read. He might even be a dummy — the word GO stencilled on the front of the helmet — but anyone who knows anything at all knows it's the boy's great-uncle Floyd. He's actually pretty much alive but those who don't know it cry out shrilly, 'Are you a dummy, Mr. Warner?'"

Morris' people seem to live totally separate lives together, like the couple in Grant Wood's "American Gothic," bolt upright, untouched, staring straight to the front, without even a sidelong glance at one another. Are Morris' people lonely? We have no way of knowing, because their conscious thoughts are confined to the surface of things, to objects and actions. They are more often tragicomic than tragic. An atmosphere of emotional starvation surrounds them, but only the outsider among them, the outcast, the misfit (or the artist) is even slightly aware of it.

In many of his books he has returned again and again to a kind of central cast of American characters: a young boy — or the adult that boy has become — who acts as a camera eye, looking and absorbing the strange world of the adults, not so much wondering as photographing for future reference; an elderly uncle with the stubborn

tree, and its shadow, and no place to hide.

In his latest work, "Fire Sermon," Morris has written what I think is one of his few completely successful novels, and to do it he came full circle. "My Uncle Dudley," his first novel, consisted of the picturesque adventures of a youngster and his ship uncle who made a trip by car, collecting suckers on the way, from the Lotus Land of California to the banks of the Mississippi.

The narrator in that book was called "The Kid." In "Fire Sermon," (which once upon a time Morris might have called "My Great-Uncle Floyd"), the narrator is The Boy, an 11-year-old orphan who has lost "his father, his mother, two four-month-old Hereford calves, and his dog, Schroeder" in a car accident near their farm in Sacramento, California. His only surviving relations are a great-aunt Viola, and his great-uncle Floyd. His 80-year-old aunt still lives on the family's homestead in Chapman, Nebraska, but she can't take the boy as she herself is an invalid being cared for by a neighbour, so he goes instead to stay with his uncle, himself over 80, who makes his living working as the handyman in the trailer camp in California where he has been living for the past 12 years.

Disparate worlds

On the side, the old man, who "doesn't like kids, he thinks they're all a pain in the ass," acts as a guard at a school crossing. This unlikely pair, who are living in the very close physical proximity of a trailer, are in two such disparate worlds that one has a feeling of schizophrenic void when reading of their life together. Aunt Viola's weekly letter, full of advice, religion and love, which is contemptuously dismissed (on the surface) by Uncle Floyd, is really the only thing that holds them together. For the boy it makes sense out of what otherwise would be a totally absurd world.

"If the boy had made a good adjustment to the fact that he was now an orphan, it was surely thanks to his Aunt Viola. She had carefully explained where his mother now was, waiting for him, and that she was..." (Continued on page 14)

The Passover drama

Short-story collection
By Stanford Kopit

How to make the Seder your own

A FEAST OF HISTORY by Chaim Raphael. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 256pp. with 90 black and white illustrations and 64 pages of colour. £4—£120.00.

Reviewed by
Moshe Kohn

THIS is the only "new" Passover Haggadah to come to my attention so far this year — in contradistinction to previous years, when, at this period, there were already some half a dozen to study for their attempts at novelty or "relevance." I hope that this means mainly that the would-be innovators have taken time to reflect seriously upon the heart of the problem of making the Passover drama relevant to each new Seder generation — and each year there arises a new generation of those who ask and are capable of beginning to understand the answers to the Four (and more) Questions — or rather, in the words of the Haggadah:

"In every generation, one is obliged to consider oneself as if he himself came out of Egypt," that is, the problem of making ourselves relevant to the Haggadah.

Comprehensive summary

One may further hope that future innovators will, before rushing into print, have carefully studied the present Haggadah, especially the 148-page introduction and bibliography by Chaim Raphael, who also provides a new translation. This introduction contains a comprehensive summary of all the information and speculation on the history of the Haggadah and the role it has played in different Jewish communities in different periods; the history of the Passover festival; the history of the Seder; and the Exodus route. The book contains the traditional Haggadah text, with both the Hebrew and the English, beautifully printed. The illustrations greatly enhance the educational and the aesthetic value of the book.

Concerning relevance, for example, Raphael tells us:

"Ancient as the words of the Haggadah are, we know that we shall hear in them something which has been prepared for us alone. In one sense, this stands still: the ritual of the Seder is set out and followed as it has been, in essentials, for nearly two thousand years. But in another sense, the words have always been charged with fresh meaning for each generation by the situation and drama of the times. And if this has been true throughout history, how infinitely more personal is the message of the Haggadah for our own times, where the stories it contains — of slavery, exodus, the battles with Egypt, and the triumphs of settlement in the ancestral land — are re-enacted daily before our own eyes."

Not the ancient alone, for its own sake; not the novel alone, for its own sake; but the ancient as the root and foundation of who and what we are, and the novel as each



"This is the bread of affliction" — page from the 15th-century Darmstadt Haggadah, facsimiles of which were produced in 1927 in Leipzig and last year by the Springer Publishers in Hamburg. (Photo Emka)

generation's way of grasping the im-mediacy of the ancient drama to the drama of its own life, the relevance of its own struggles to the ancient struggles; as each person's way of discovering the ongoingness of the Exodus story and the meaning of the injunction to:

"consider oneself as if he himself came out of Egypt."

(I wonder, incidentally, why Chaim Raphael saw fit to translate this passage into "every Jew must feel," when the Hebrew explicitly uses the general term "adam," meaning "one" or "a person.") How does his translation enhance either the Jewishness or the universality of the Haggadah? On the contrary, it probably detracts from the latter. And surely the Rabbi who issued the above injunction knew enough words for "Jew," if that is what they wished to say here.)

The point about this Haggadah — indeed, the point about the Haggadah and the Seder in general — is that you cannot come to it cold. Therefore I strongly urge you to buy "A Feast of History" now. Read the introduction now, and examine the Haggadah text again. Go back to any other Haggadah introductions and texts that you have read or used over the years. Prepare your own Seder Haggadah, as Raphael calls it. Then follow the traditional text, interrupting from time to time, however, to interpolate comments or readings or to initiate discussions based on the notes you have prepared. Then see if this night has not truly been different from all other nights; this Seder different from all other Seders. Then see if you and all those sharing your Seder with you have not really come to feel

as if you yourselves came out of Egypt.

as if you yourselves came out of Egypt.

as if you yourselves came out of Egypt.

as if you yourselves came out of Egypt.

In the latest of the Penguin series which has published new writers as well as such established names as Bernard Malamud, Sylvia Plath, John Updike, and Susan O'Faolain, we are presented with eight stories — two each by four different authors. All the stories are published in England for the first time in **PERKINS SHORT STORIES**, edited by Judith Burnley (144 pp. 25p.).

V.S. Pritchett's "Our Wife" and "The Editor Regrets..." are, like most of Pritchett's short stories, excellent. Molly is the name of the heroine of "Our Wife":

"The noise is what has attracted us all to her. We have loved it. She loves an argument. Anything will do."

This mini-apocalypse (under five feet tall) proves to be too explosive for any one man to manage. She requires two men at a time. The delightful, penetrating characterization of Molly is typical of her author, Pritchett adamantly refuses to resort to melodrama. There is sentiment, but the words are tough, real, controlled, and filled with insight.

In "The Editor Regrets..." it is one's feelings of sadness, and empathy that are tapped. The face of the editor, Macaulay Droad, "was an actor's, the nose carved for dramatic occasions, the lips for the public platform." Droad, in fact, was always on stage, always deep in make-up for the role of crusading liberal newspaper editor. Years of studiously perfecting his acting technique had made him proficient. He learned the art of hiding his specific, real self (and all the painful, must necessarily accompany truly sensitive life) behind a series of general, vague words of protest against the world's injustices. It is, ironically, a homely, heavy woman (the type he could never tolerate) who manages to pierce his thick make-up. This story is the highlight of this anthology, and it alone makes the anthology worthwhile reading.

RUTH Fairlight (Alan Sillitoe's wife) writes about terror. It is not the terror of Edgar Allan Poe or Sylvia Plath, but one based on the emptiness of upper-middle-class life. In her "Soir de Fete" and "The Expatriates," death, loneliness, insanity, escapism and vile people abound. Though I share Miss Fairlight's feelings concerning upper-middle-class ugliness, I must say that her stories have already been told — and more masterfully.

FREDERICH Busch is contemptu-ary in both theme and voice. In "Something is Moving Just Under the Skin" and "Breathing Trouble" he deals with the absurdity and terror and pain and humiliation of army physical examinations, marriage, and old age. Humour is immediate to his writings, a dark, bitter humour. What is refreshing is a uniqueness in the methods Busch chooses to weave the stories: interwoven flashback and deliberate vagueness abound. Sometimes they work. Other times they only manage to confuse the reader and seem too contrivedly clever. Busch must find a way to be less clever and more real. I believe he will find it.

I WAS surprised to find Mel Calman included in a short-story anthology, after having once followed his fascinating cartoons in the British press. "The Fifty Minute Hour" is Calman's first published writing without the aid of cartoon. It is a brief, stream-of-consciousness episode relating the inner-workings of a sensitive, troubled man unable to express his essence to a psychiatrist. Thoughts of despair and death immobilize the silent patient. He remains numb throughout the session. The problem with the story is that there is lack of specific detail, and therefore the character does not come to life. "The Artist" is a worded cartoon piece in which Calman captures what he sees as the tragic absurdity of life: we die just at the moment we begin to understand that we know nothing.

Political Dictionary of the Middle East in the 20th century

edited by Yaakov Shimoni and Evyatar Levine

This authoritative guide contains a wealth of information on the historical, political, geopolitical, social and military aspects of the countries of the Middle East, as well as an account of the roles of the major powers and of the other countries which have played a part in the political development of the region since the beginning of the century. The 760 entries, arranged in alphabetical order for easy reference, and including 100 illustrations and 25 maps, have been written by some 50 experts on the Middle East and its problems.

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Other questions

As I said, for obvious reasons, I was profoundly disturbed by this review. The penetrating odour of anti-Semitism that arose from it was disturbing enough; but then, it called up other questions as well. Why isn't Morris better known and more read? Why has there been such relatively so little attention paid to his work?

I have been reading Morris' books for years, almost since they first began to appear, which was in 1942, when he published his first novel, "My Uncle Dudley." His latest one, "Fire Sermon," is his 20th book and his 15th novel; so, in speaking of Morris, to quote Granville Hicks' helpful and evocative introduction to the "Reader," we are dealing with "more than 25 years of disciplined productivity... what the French would call an oeuvre." All these 25 years I have been following Morris' work with very mixed feelings.

Many good writers have certain "primal scenes" which unleash in them that peculiar flood of excitement and agitation, connection, expansion, reaching-out and forming which we call creativity. Proust's by-now famous madeleine cake dipped in tea; the wilds and falls of Wordsworth's boyhood; the Welsh towns and coastal scenery of Dylan Thomas' childhood; Thomas Hardy's brooding downs; Melville's sea —

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MIDWEST AS METAPHOR

(Continued from page 12)

The Prisoner of Sex

To the Jerusalem Post Literary Editor... As Professor Beryl Lang observes in his review of Norman Mailer's 'The Prisoner of Sex'...

on earth says that there is a cumulative endeavour to produce the perfect ovum? How would one know that on had produced it or be in a position to take advantage of it if one had?

His practical solutions to the day-to-day problems of living together... His practical solutions to the day-to-day problems of living together...

Incidentally, his highly idiosyncratic thumbnail sketch of the Jews, so distorted as to be a caricature, scarcely needs refutation.

MARCIA KRETZMER

Prof. Lang replies:

Back to Mailer's contentions, "Why decide," he asks, "that it is inconceivable that a woman can search the most isolated ducts of her body for close to every quality she wishes to slip into the future..."

Russia and her Jews

ORIGINALLY published in Hebrew under the pseudonymous authorship of Ben Ami, BETWEEN HAMMER AND SICKLES by Aris L. Enay (N.Y., Signet Updated Edition, 297 pp., \$1.25.) provides an enlightening glimpse of the precarious position of Soviet Jewry today...

ADRIENNE DOD

Now, without even knowing that the book's title, 'Fire Sermon,' is the title of the third section of Eliot's 'Waste Land,' it doesn't take symbol-hunting to understand that Morris meant this book to have a meaning beyond the simple level of its story...

The main action of the story, the trip "back-home" to Chapman, is precipitated by the death of the old woman, Uncle Floyd decides that the boy, who is "next-of-kin," ought to go back to repossess his property...

When they start out, they pass a hippy couple hitching on the road. Now hippies are anathema to Uncle Floyd — pot-smoking, sex-crazy, "young heathens" — so naturally he won't pick them up.

Why people read

People read books for different reasons and on different levels. There is, first and foremost, the level of pure enjoyment — and Morris himself values it most. He talks of the need for a "dialogue between the writer and the reader..."

Living in a graveyard

When this weird foursome pulls into Chapman, they find a town where the majority of the inhabitants seem to be living in the neat white graveyard. Aunt Viola's home, an enormous, two-story, abandoned hulk out beyond a lot of junk-scattered empty lots, houses all the debris of generations — "if the kids didn't want it, they left it to Viola."

As the old man and the boy move through the junk-cluttered, oil-lit rooms, Uncle Floyd has a kind of seizure. The boy calls his newfound hippy friends to help him take his uncle out to the trailer to lie down. The hippies move into the house. A kind of metamorphosis takes place. Naturally, when the old man and the boy come looking for them in the evening, they find them, the oil lamp lit, sitting naked in Aunt Viola's old fourposter bed, snuggled by their shamelessness, their naked enjoyment of their own enjoyment. — We don't dig it dark, Pop. Stanley says, "We're scared shitless of the dark, aren't we, baby?" — the old man begins to whack at them with a mop handle. This lamp, oveturned. The wooden house, dry as shavings, plucked with everything left over from old America, goes up in flames. The old man disappears, apparently to sleep. And the boy is left with the hippy couple to make out as he may.

he has been experimenting for years with different ways of saying it. His approach to the American language is quite revolutionary. He has challenged it on its own ground — its shallowness and inelegant vagueness — and turned it very weak-kneed into strength. The rhythms of his prose are basically the rhythms of ordinary talk. In this respect, and in the dry, often cool character of his humour, he reminds one of another writer who chose to remain in the American ghetto — Robert Frost. He has turned fatuous, deadpan humour, a kind of common-sense nakedness of vision into style.

But... Morris is often boring. He doesn't succeed in establishing his simple dialogue with his native reader which he sets up as his ideal. His very refusal to go outside his common consciousness, his voluntary pursuit of everyday language and refusal of heightened emotion often leaves one just flat. In many novels the impression is of raw material too thick to carry the weight of the book. "The Field of Vision," for example, which won the National Book Award, concentrates one day at the bullfights in Mexico through the minds of a little group of American tourists. It is a technical masterpiece (unity of time, place and action, etc.) and a reader's sorrow. Nothing happens.

Thomas Wolfe

The choice is voluntary. Morris has written of the failure of American writers who simply lived in the overflow vitality of their raw material (Thomas Wolfe, for example) and were too voluntary to work it into art. But voluntary is not, his straining over significance in scenes sometimes completely devoid of action, or scenes jammed with action to the exclusion of all emotion, is counter-productive.

The people who should find Morris interesting, of course, are the people about whom he writes, of their children, or their children's children. But apparently they are not great readers. In all these pictures of objects which Morris took in the lonely Midwestern farm houses, there were no books. The kind of conversations and thoughts which go on in "Hersog" or "St. Sammier's Planet" could be going on on another planet than that in which "The Field of Vision," "The Works of Love" or "Fire Sermon" is situated.

Remote symbols

And to the average urban, second- or third-generation American whose family settled in and rose out of the city ghetto, Morris' people and the symbols and objects which so deeply engage him, are as remote as to any foreigner. No. I'll go further. It's easier to read Morris in Israel than it is in New York. From some 10,000 kilometres away the perspective shifts and his struggle with one aspect of American reality takes on the proportions of Ahab and the whale. You can appreciate it for its seriousness, while you wonder over its marvellous eccentricity.

This is a pity, because he is without question a serious writer, deeply engaged, not one of that loathsome crew of professionals who believe that everything is equal, that all you have to do is study the market and then turn out this perfect consumer product. He has something he wants to say and the Jews.

I am ready to predict that in another generation or so, Morris will be read as a classic, along with all the other flawed American classics. But I hope that in the meantime because he is, like so many really good writers, unread, he won't be used as a stick with which to beat the Jews.

Fish Festival

Jerusalem Post Reporter

ONE of the major problems facing hoteliers in this country lies in offering an interesting, varied menu within the limitations imposed by kosher and locally available ingredients, and also taking into account the matter of catering for tourists from a wide variety of countries, all with very different tastes and palates.

In an attempt to enliven hotel menus, the Dan Hotel this week launched its Fish Festival, held in conjunction with Frionor, the Norwegian frozen fish concern, and the Carmel Mizrahi Wine Cellars. Two expert chefs — Knut Helland, a Norwegian chef specially "lent" by Frionor for the occasion — worked together, coming up with a variety of new recipes, which were presented to the press.

The Fish Festival is currently being held in the Dan Hotel's Grill Room and will also take place in all other hotels in the same chain within the coming weeks. Many of the recipes might well provide the housewife with some ideas for new ways of presenting fish: among the Norwegian chef's creations were a delicious boiled salth with spinach and cheese sauce and a refreshing summer salad of cod (recipes for which are printed here) as well as a hot dish of boiled salth with apple and curry sauce and Norwegian style fried fish steaks with onion rings.

The Piece de resistance of Dan chef Sander Goldstein was undoubtedly the simplest dish he offered: an entire cold salmon, cooked to perfection in a court bouillon, served with a fine, smooth-textured Hol-



The two chefs — Knut Helland (left) of Frionor Norway and Sander Goldstein, of the Dan Hotel Tel Aviv — meet the press during a luncheon marking the opening of the Fish Festival.

landaise sauce and beautifully decorated to form a worthy centre piece to the fish buffet. (The only pity of it is that whole frozen salmon, imported by the Israel Cold Storage Company, is available only to hotels and restaurants or supplied to him, for smoking.)

Sander Goldstein also used his imagination to good purpose, coming up with a surprising but tasty Fish Stroganoff, based on frozen fish fillet. Other dishes naturally featured local fishes such as burri, carp and St. Peter's fish.

Cooked Salth with Spinach and Cheese Sauce

400 grams Frionor salth, 1 tablespoon butter, 1/2 teaspoon salt, juice of 1/2 lemon, 180 grams mayonnaise, cucumber, tomatoes, capers, 8 hard boiled eggs, lettuce.

Cut the fish in the Frionor-way and cook in water as stated on the pack. Let the fish slices stay in the stock until it is cold. Drain the fish portions and place on a serving-dish. Mix the mayonnaise with some of the fish stock and some extra spices — curry, paprika, etc. Place a spoonful of sauce on each fish portion. Decorate the fish with cucumber and tomato-slices, capers, eggs and lettuce (radishes and parsley can also be used for topping).

Wedding in Spain

By Fenton Wheeler

MADRID (AP). — ONE of Spain's biggest social events of this century took place on Wednesday when Gen. Francisco Franco's favourite granddaughter married a Borbon prince in a ceremony attracting everybody from magnate to matador.

The guest list ranged from Jacqueline Onassis to former Argentine dictator, Juan D. Peron; from the Begum Aga Khan to a Spanish photographer taking pictures for the American magazine Vogue; from Princess Grace of Monaco to Spain's top bullfighter, Luis Miguel Dominguez, the Henry Ford II and the Guy de Rothschilds and a long list of European royalty.

In all, more than 2,000 persons were invited to Franco's El Pardo palace for the wedding of Maria del Carmen Marinet-Bordiu, 21, and handsome Prince Alfonso de Borbon y Dampierre, 35, Spain's Ambassador to Sweden.

The event far outshone the wedding of her mother Carmen, Franco's only child, and the Marquessa de Villaverde, when she married the Marquis de Villaverde in the same chapel 22 years ago.

The union also is expected to propel Alfonso into an improved but yet undetermined political future. But government ministers scoff at the idea that the marriage has political implications or that it will affect Alfonso's first cousin, Prince Juan Carlos de Borbon, Spain's next king.

Juan Carlos has been named officially by Franco to succeed the General as Chief of State when Franco dies or retires. Juan Carlos will be the country's first king since his grandfather, who is also Alfonso's grandfather, abdicated in 1931.

Aside from possible political readings, the marriage of the vivacious Maria del Carmen and the handsome sports-minded prince has caught the fancy of a good part of the population.



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TRIUMPH IN THE NUDE

COELENHAGEN (Reuter). — THE 35-year-old master of the Danish Royal Ballet, Flemming Flindt, scored a triumph at the Royal Theatre here on Friday in a new ballet in which he, his blonde ballerina wife Vivi Gelker and other members of the company appear on stage completely naked.

The new work, "The Triumph of Death," is by French playwright Eugene Ionesco, with choreography by Flemming Flindt. Described as a "dance drama," the work is danced to beat music by the Danish group "The Savage Rose." It is a harsh description of humanity's extinction by environmental pollution.

In one scene several of the leading dancers, including Miss Gelker, strip naked as they go into a wild orgy in a fashion boutique. In another scene, Flindt, portraying a wealthy man who tries to buy survival, appears completely nude as he is sprayed with an antiseptic to protect him from the plague.

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Shirt NEWS

from NIBA

Naval look (left) appears in a lightweight cotton knit shirt with tie-fronted, square backed sailor collar and anchor trim — available in many different colours. Belted safari style shirt (centre) has nice detailing, comes in blue and white gingham checks

in a cotton/Diolen fabric. Slim-fit black Banlon shirt (right) has epaulettes and bust in gay red and white gingham. (Peter Herzog photo)

By Catherine Rosenheimer

Jerusalem Post Fashion Reporter TEL AVIV. — WHAT is a shirt? Where Niba are concerned, it can be a piece of clothing designed in France, Italy or Israel, made here in locally produced fabrics — mostly Banlon or cotton/Diolen and appearing in virtually every conceivable form. Leaving aside, for the moment, the design angle, one of the most important points which emerged during a recent interview with Israel Baruch (grandson of Nissim Baruch who founded the firm in 1934) was the question of "equal rights."

Equal rights for whom? — for the local market and export buyers. As from the beginning of this year, Niba have decided to show their new collections simultaneously to both foreign and Israeli buyers, so that orders can be made up together and customers here can enjoy the same designs as are sold for export. Sounds simple and logical enough but, sad to say, it is far from being established policy in many ready-to-wear concerns and even food manufacturers, who produce top-quality merchandise for the competitive export market, but consider that securing a grandson of Nissim Baruch who founded the firm in 1934) was the question of "equal rights."

Ginghams and the naval look are two of the important themes in Spring and Summer shirts and tops, although Niba are not stressing the naval look too strongly. "It is like several of a short-lived fashion and several of our competitors are featuring it to just a few styles — simple Banlon T-shirts with anchor motifs or short-sleeved shirts with sailor collars," says Israel Baruch. Ginghams come in all forms, mainly in blue and white: one of the current collection's best-sellers is a checked smock with nice plaid detailing. Ginghams also appear in belted safari shirts — like the one pictured here — and as shoulder yoke and pocket insets on plain, slim-cut Banlon shirts.

Hamashbir's bright look for summer

By Joanna Yehiel

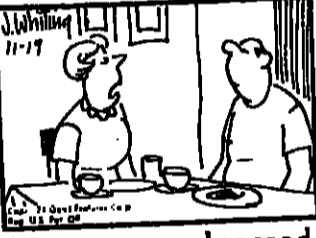
Jerusalem Post Reporter JERUSALEM'S Hamashbir La-zarchan celebrated its 25th birthday with a fashion show at the Beit Ha'am on Monday — complete with models, dancers and even a dress specially designed with the figures "25" upon it. Despite occasional break-downs in the music and several rather long gaps between the items shown, the show, Hamashbir's first fashion show of this year, went with a swing, mainly due to the two dancing groups, who came on stage dressed in various items to be on sale at the store throughout the next months. One was a group of professional dancers, three girls and a man, who through several fast, modern and often very funny dances, showed how well the clothes looked from all angles (and that they would stand up to quite a lot of hand wear, too). The other group, of dance school in Tel Aviv, also proved a novel way of proving exactly how Hamashbir's clothes would look on girls of 14 or 15. The groups were in fact an excellent idea, and a welcome change from the usual catwalk.

girl of 16, is a major problem, and Hamashbir came up with some good solutions. (Hamashbir has taken on a fashion coordinator, Eve Lynn Gilon, for their Jerusalem store, who is now working in the department.) One noteworthy selection, right for any age, were the beach cover-ups, in particular, a blue-green butterfly print dress on an orange background, reaching from neck to ankle, with wide, wide butterfly sleeves down to the ground, providing complete protection from the sun. Adequately mini Hamashbir has obviously decided that this summer the mini will be back, and it almost completely ignored the shorts, apart from one or two dress and bikini-shorts combinations. The minis were adequately extended T-shirts, some "little girl" dresses with tiny flared skirts and frills, some with polka dots, some with embroidered motifs, and all of them ready for a very long, hot summer. Proceeds of the show went to the scholarships for students of Jerusalem Ort, Jerusalem's Women's Ort under the chairmanship of Mrs. Magda Grossman, helped organize the show, which was under the patronage of Mrs. Ruth Alion, wife of Minister of Education and Culture Yigal Alion, who also introduced the show.

Simplest

Of the clothes shown, the most successful were the simplest. I particularly liked the jeans and T-shirts, all embroidered with flower or abstract motifs. These showed an appreciation of the fact that most teenagers prefer simple jeans rather than "prettied-up" clothes. At the other end of the scale, the "women's" garments, often up to a size 62, were also successful (and much appreciated by the audience, which tended to consist more of the middle-aged than the young). The simple, un-fussy, knee-length dresses, often shirtwaist, proved that the elegant look can be achieved during the summer too, and is not limited to suits or coats. Finding the right summer dress, both light, airy, colourful, and not looking as if it were designed for a

WEE WOMEN



"I see you dressed for dinner — you put on your T-shirt."

Bringing goods to customer pays off

By Diana Lerner

Special to The Jerusalem Post NEW YORK. — ISRAELI fashion manufacturers have brought their most fashion-oriented collection to date to the current two week show sponsored by Atid in their New York showroom, stated Robert Keller, President of Atid. The 25 manufacturers and buying agents are receiving repeat orders not only from New York department stores but many chain stores and boutiques across the U.S. and are aiming to become permanent resources for American buyers, they state. To help the Israelis to plan their marketing strategy, the Executive Vice-President of B. Altman and the President of Hesa's Department Store, a fashion complex which serves an entire region in Pennsylvania, have played hosts to the manufacturers. Their merchandise managers all demonstrating how they develop their fashion concept, promote a fashion image to the public and personal relationships for successful sales. The Israeli visitors have also toured Gimbels East, the elegant new department store which opened on the Upper East Side of New York, last week. They were able to see how a new store develops a fashion image in various departments, with a view to providing merchandise attuned to such needs.

Exceeded

The last Atid fashion show took place in September when some 600 buyers came to view the Israeli merchandise and place orders. The figure is expected to be exceeded during the current show, as emphasis this time has been placed on making the department and chain stores permanent customers of Israeli products. Women's Wear Daily (the important New York trade paper) reports that an Atid type show to promote French ready-to-wear in the U.S. may be an indication that the idea of bringing the goods to the customer, which they developed for the Israeli firms, is a good idea.



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Advertisement for Ofnat Halom Hayered, 8 Rehov Yehezkiel, Geula, Jerusalem. Tel. 522876-231613.

Advertisement for Maternity Wear, Masha, 4A Rehov Hamelech George, 2nd floor, 2 Marza Harel Melacha (near Alifanby), Tel Aviv. Tel. 612515.

Advertisement for The Gift Shop, Charlotte, 4 Kiryat St., Tel. 221833 (behind main post office).

Advertisement for Family or Personal Problems? Treatment by experienced American-trained counselor in Tel Aviv area. Call Tel. 62-71878. ABSOLUTELY CONFIDENTIAL.

Advertisement for Asymmetrical, variety of prints and colors, featuring a tank top over a shirt and a brown or blue denim effect knit combined with collar and sleeves in plain white.

Advertisement for Variety, complete hair removal by short-wave system, 100% guarantee, "JARDENIA" (established 1947), 28 Rehov Bar-Kochba, Tel Aviv (near Kikar Dizengoff), Tel. 244382.

Advertisement for Jehudith, the widest range of maternity wear with years of experience, 39 Rehov Usaruel, Tel Aviv, Tel. 5628, Open all day. Third shop from Alifanby Road.

Advertisement for Siemens washing machines, featuring a Siemens Electrolerate GmbH Siwamat Europe's Best Selling Washing Machine. Includes a "Pessah Gift with every purchase" and contact information for Radio Clinic Ltd. Sole Agents in Israel: 1, Tel Aviv Rd., Haifa, Tel. 530225, 522981.

Advertisement for internationally acclaimed ELAC and Tandberg stereo equipment. Includes the slogan "There's only one way to buy STEREO equipment LISTEN TO IT!" and contact information for Radio Clinic Ltd. Sole Agents in Israel: 1, Tel Aviv Rd., Haifa, Tel. 530225, 522981.

Advertisement for Trevira 2000 yarns and knitted fabrics produced by Jerusalem Jersey Ltd.

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LIFE IN GALILEE By Hadassah Bat Haim

Frost—who?

ON the telephone when I ask him his name he says something that sounds like soda water being squirted out of a syphon. At present the reception on the telephone is very bad. Violent storms and rushing waters are sometimes supplemented by the rustle of wind-tossed forests or the high pitched whine or a faulty lawn mower which interrupt and often drown conversation. After hearing the "Fzzz" repeated I politely insist and hellow instead an invitation to come and talk to me.

In person he is a pale befringed and bearded youth from Georgia (U.S.) who confirms that this curious noise is indeed his name or at least that which he is known by. Feeling too old and square to call anyone "Fzzz" I inquire if that is what is written on his passport, to which he replies, "Oh no: Who?" This sounds like one of those Music Hall jokes that amused my grandparents — "What's your name? Watt!" — "Where do you live?" "Ware!" — but he insists that his family name is indeed Hoo and as this comes even more unreasonably to my tongue, I avoid calling him anything at all, but wait till he appears to be listening and then address him as "you."

His problem is, he tells me, that he has been assigned to teach English at the kibbutz where he is staying and would like some advice, though why he should have come to me for it is hard to figure out as I never managed to teach anyone anything in my life. It may be argued that my children learned to appreciate music from my custom of rushing into their rooms and switching off their radios when they were supposed to be studying and my son's expert prowess as a swimmer probably dates from the time that I dropped him — quite accidentally — into the sea, but if these are examples of teaching it can only be by omission.

However, this young man has fixed his mind on getting my suggestions, so I try and think of the essential requirements — one of which is to call him "teacher" and keep his name a secret, and mention a few books I have heard recommended, none of which he seems to think much of. Unfortunately his drawl is so pronounced and his vowels so distorted that I have the utmost difficulty myself in understanding what he says.

Eventually I gather that what he wants is not so much to hear anything from me as to tell me what he intends to do and how he is going to transform this group of rather plodding unimaginative students into lively buffs of English and American literature, especially poetry. He intends to try related images of pictures and verse, dramatic reading (by himself) with comments from the class, music and body movements. I beg him to make sure before he starts that the pupils understand important basics like "Open your books." He is carried away by euphoria and cannot for a moment imagine that the upper reaches of Donne, Whitman and Frost are beyond the grasp or even the desire of Israeli teenagers.

The U.N.'s First Lady
By Diana Page

NEW YORK (UPI). — THE "First Lady" of the United Nations is a cheerful, forceful woman, who is not one to complain. Kurt Waldheim said in an interview, "I'm very happy."

The slim, dark-haired wife of the United Nations Secretary-General sounded as enthusiastic as any wife could about the great honour that came to her husband, Kurt Waldheim, Austria's Chief U.N. Delegate, took over the duties of Secretary-General in January.

Since then Elizabeth Waldheim, 49, has been "trying as hard as I can" to deal with the responsibilities of her position and ease the burden of her husband. "I've seen very little of him since he began his work," she said.

"I want to be helpful by taking care of little things — like letters, phone calls and visits when he can't go himself," Mrs. Waldheim said. "Already there is a mountain of mail, congratulations from all over the world, all of which Mrs. Waldheim is busy answering."

"When my husband became Foreign Minister, we received many letters from friends in Austria," the Vienna-born First Lady of the U.N. recalled. "But this time the letters come from many countries, from people we don't even know. It's very sweet."

There is a "hotline" from the Waldheim home to the inner office of the Secretary-General. Often, regular phones in both places are so busy they cannot consult one another.

"Sometimes in the evening I call him and say 'maybe in half an hour you will be able to come home for dinner?'" she said. "I'm determined to make Kurt take some holidays," Mrs. Waldheim said. A ski week-end in New Hampshire was on her mind.

The whole family skis. "My son is a very good skier," Mrs. Waldheim said, speaking of her son Gerhard, 28, who is graduating law from the University of Vienna, where Mrs. Waldheim earned her own law degree. The Waldheims met at that university, they married in April of 1944.

The youngest child, Christa, 12, lives with her parents in their apartment overlooking Central Park on New York's Fifth Avenue. "Unfortunately, you can't hold on to children," Mrs. Waldheim said.

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Above: ceramic figures by Lea Majaro-Mine at the new Abu Tor observation point sculpture garden, below: "Women," a group in aluminum by Aharon Bonal, whose latest work are now on show at the sculpture garden (see reviews at left).

GALLERY GUIDE

JERUSALEM

ISRAEL MUSEUM
FLORESKINER COLLECTION — of old and modern masters; Recent graphic acquisitions (Cobler Hall); Art Devotion Artists' Portraits Library (Gallery); Puppets, Toys and Children's Work (Yotik Wing). Old masters from the Museum's collection.

GRAPHIC ACQUISITIONS — A great part of this show, in the Israel Museum's collection, has been seen before, and the only really remarkable new face is the little series of sketches of, or for, sculptures by Henry Moore, so clean and neatly rendered in pen-and-ink that one suspects that it is a subsequent revision of the original working studies, done in pencil and mostly tied up for presentation as a thing for itself. And it is. The show begins with an attributed Ponsini and a Fragonard and proceeds somewhat steadily to a large group of colour prints by Braque, van Dongen, Cassat, Violette, Miro, Chagall, Adler, Baklin, Marmel (an untypical abstraction) Zaidine and Eisenstein. There is also a pastel by Monet we have not seen before. One show with one of recent contemporary acquisitions. (M.R.)

AHARON BEZALEL LEA MAJARO MINE — It's worth taking a trip out to the old Abu Tor observation point with its view of Silvan and new old houses there is a charming new site, a small garden, just below the new restaurant. On show are new works by Aharon Bezael, more or less in the familiar, groups of elongated nearly abstracted figures with somewhat Moorish heads, made in a rough-smooth of metal. Some are cast in aluminium, with a very attractive touch of blue. The other pieces being linked together to form one unit, the join being imperceptible. Bezael's work is "washed" by a number of sea-coloured ceramic figures by Lea Mine seated on the surrounding walls, and the dramatic effect is enhanced by the fact that these almost crudely modelled figures, hitherto exhibited only in a gallery, are now on show in a garden. A few of them observe other smaller figures seated in a group on a sort of monkey island, the all the way to the sea. The other pieces are backed by a few ceramic trees in a pleasantly decorative manner. It's a can't help being charmed by the effect. (M.R.)

TOVA BELLINSKI — Abstract-expressive oil-painting in the traditional cubist technique, combining areas of colour with strong "written" strokes in line. A recent departure in an occasional return to figurative (but non-realistic) motifs. Some of the human figures, others of abstract forms, are set in a space of interior, using the patterns of bed-covers and curtains. This faint echo of Matisse is heightened by the Paucity of colour. (Margit Gallery, Rehov Sheinkin) (M.R.)

THE ALHAMBRA OF GRANADA — Photographs by Arlet (Paris) on show at the Hebrew University Library (Hebrew Hall) till April 7.

MONKERS — all in ceramic, by Ernest Kolman (Casa Argentina, Antofagasta) (M.R.)

JOSEF KORONOVICH; STAN HABLE — visiting Belgian artist; YAFFA PERLBERG — Paintings by (Museum) from Saturday till March 31.

LUDWIG JONAS — (1887-1942) — Memorial show of oils, watercolours and drawings by outstanding German Jewish artist who left a career in medicine to study under Louis C. (New Gallery) till March 25.

HESTER KATZ — Rather opaque formalist compositions of the female nude, with a figure in the foreground, but treated with a very strong sense of space. (Margit Gallery) till March 18.

VARION PARGAMIN — Technically brilliant photographs of the older part of Jerusalem, the old citizens and its ancient trees. (Museum) till March 18.

ISARTISTS — from Europe and Asia, including Israeli-born working in a variety of media, including sculpture, painting, lithography and engraving. A pleasant if conservatively modern show (Margit Gallery) till March 15.

TEL AVIV

MOSES KUPFERMAN — The drawings that abstract-expressionist painter Kupferman exhibited no long ago at the Moshé Kupferman gallery were clearly the forerunners of working sketches of these oil paintings. They introduced grids or screens, a new structural idea for him which seems to have led to other ideas linked to systematized visual phenomena. The fulcrum of his style has become, now more than ever, the dynamic juxtaposition of formal ideas and geometric forms that ordinarily are associated with technological information and aesthetically planned and executed art. The colours remain typical: greys, magenta and green, usually subdued. A few works are in black and white and grey. Three paintings show a grid idea with the quite sterile situation alleviated somewhat by rather large sketchy signature and the texture of the pigment. The rest varies from work to work, but it is clear that they are too lashed and featureless to maintain interest for long. (New Gallery) till March 15.

LILLIANE KLAPISCH — Recent new immigrant artist from Paris shows bold expressive drawings in landscape and interiors. (Bineth Gallery, 43 Frug).

HEVA NEHUS — Paintings by young Dutch artist. (Israel Gallery, Rehov Sheinkin).

20 NEW IMMIGRANT ARTISTS — All the artists are now living in Jerusalem. (Tel Aviv Museum, 1919).

"EDUCATION FOR ART" — Migrant exercises reflecting the system used in teaching arts at the WFO — State Vocational High School in Tel Aviv. (Yad Lebanim, 65 Pincas).

AHARON KAJIAMA ABEL PANN, BORIS SCHWARTZ, ISRAEL SHEKEL, JACOB STEINBERG — The first series of five postage stamps bearing reproductions of paintings by Israeli artists is being produced by the artist, none of whom is still alive. Show includes the originals of the five works reproduced. (Museum) till March 15.

HALINA OLOMOUCHI — Polish-born artist who has been extensively in Europe. She has held three previous shows in Israel but this one celebrates her immigration here just two months ago. (Lim Art Gallery, 170 Mea Tehuda).

MOXTAHER — Swiss artist who splits his time between Geneva and Jerusalem. Shows oils, watercolours and drawings in whimsical, somewhat humorous style. (Museum) till March 15.

ISRAELI AND FOREIGN ARTISTS — Group show with a contemporary slant. Several works have been seen before in various exhibitions all over the country. The participants are: Michael Agre; Reuben Hermann; Aldo Mondino (Italy); Leo Nikol; Shu Takahashi (Japan); Yigael Tzoref; (Ramon) Art (Contemporary); (Tel Aviv) Opening Sat., noon. Closing March 24.

"ORIGINAL GRAPHICS OF THE 'SEVENTIES" — Prints by international-known artists, including: Tel Aviv, Bealovsky, Margritte, Picasso, Vassily; EOLON (Yad Lebanim Cultural Centre, 11 Kugler).

BEERSHEBA
DITTA MARDER — First Israeli exhibition by Israeli sculptress who has spent 10 years in U.S. The sculptures are abstract, executed in plaster or wood. (Museum) till March 18.

HAIFA
HANNA BEN-DOV — Her first solo exhibition in Haifa and completed on colour alone and to be judged only in terms of colour unaccompanied by abstract references. Her basic approach, or so it seems to the viewer, first determines background, usually, although not necessarily, black or red, until she arrives at the decisive one, e.g. blue ("In Blue" or red without colour may be just a single relatively small area. This may appear to be a simplification of her method, but it is the easiest way of comprehending an artist whose outlook, often expressed in complexity, is so broad. In fact we are presented with an opposition of colours, reacting against each other, the clash of purposeful movement among them being avoided by softening them into harmony. In the case of "Calligraphy" the colours are brought to a full stop by the use of illegible black graffiti scrawled across the canvas and replacing the decisive colour; or, another series of lines, playing down the possible impact by a series of green areas which effectively counter the obstructive effect of the black, however, by this checking of colours that Ben-Dov arrives at rhythm or sense of an axis, and her justification of colour, whereas in the oldest land her, growth, is her justification of colour, whereas in the oldest land, that fairly recent place, "In Blue" is a gesture, a line to get direction. An additional picture must be mentioned, "Autumn," which emphasizes a reception of yellow, green and blue, and lemon yellow. Paintings which, at times, require acquaintance but, once understood, are humorous, subtle. (Goldman's Gallery).

TEL AVIV
DAVID SCHNEUER — Mostly drawings and a few paintings in tones ranging from formalized geometric to abstract and fantasy, in a well-known Israeli artist, told by Ernest Kolman (Casa Argentina, Antofagasta) (M.R.)

ISRAELI AND FOREIGN ARTISTS — Over 50 years of work in several media and genres ranging from formalized geometric to abstract and fantasy, in a well-known Israeli artist, told by Ernest Kolman (Casa Argentina, Antofagasta) (M.R.)

HAZOREA
"FURNITURE FROM MY FATHER'S HOUSE" — Various articles brought by the kibbutz members from their original home on the hillside near Haifa. (Museum) till March 18.



Bracha Eden and Alexander Tamir: a sad journey

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS BY YOHANAN BOHEM

PESSAH MUSICAL TRADITION

THE approaching Passover season offers two musical events already traditional for this time of the year: the Elin Gev Music Festival, and a week's seminar for music teachers at the Israel Music Academy at Tel Aviv University.

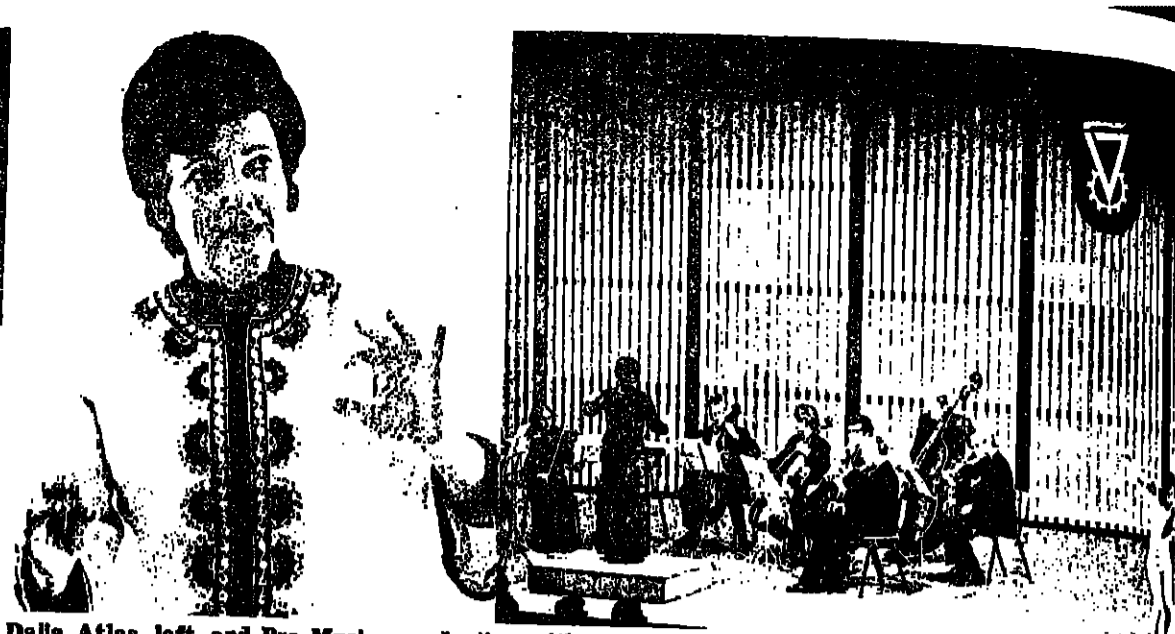
The latter is meant for piano teachers (course secretary: Arieh Vardi), and for teachers of string instruments (Alice Fenyes), and includes an opera workshop — for singers, singing teachers, coaches and composers — organized by Prof. Erwin Josep, a visiting musician from the U.S. Beginning with a concert on March 22, lectures, discussions, demonstrations and rehearsals will occupy five days, with another concert closing the proceedings on March 27.

chestrans — under Sergiu Celibidache and with soloist Teiko Maehashi — will offer the First Symphony by Brahms and the Mendelssohn Violin Concerto. "Exception" — the Dutch Pop Ensemble — present their versions of classical music. And, traditionally, the festival closes with a programme presented by the Israel Defense Forces Entertainment Groups and Orchestras.

WE reported in last week's column that the Jerusalem duo-pianists, Bracha Eden and Alexander Tamir, had been called suddenly to Liverpool to take the place of Babin and Vronsky owing to a last-minute cancellation. News has now reached us of Victor Babin's death — at the age of only 64 — bringing to an end the most outstanding partnership of its kind.

Victor Babin, born in Russia, studied in Berlin under Arthur Schnabel and Franz Schreker. In 1933 he married Wilja Vronsky, a student of Schnabel and Egon Petri, and they established a duo which soon became world-famous. During the duettists' stay in Israel in 1954, young Bracha Eden and Alexander Tamir, who had just begun to experiment with two-piano playing, met the older couple and were invited to work with them the following summer at Aspen, Colorado. The two Jerusalemites derived much inspiration from the example of Vronsky and Babin and owe much to their friendship and guidance. It was both touching and ironic that Eden-Tamir should have been the pair to replace Vronsky-Babin.

WITH no money for staff, office or public relations, the "Pro Musica" Chamber Orchestra of Haifa — under the conductorship of energetic Dalia Atlas — continues its ar-



Dalia Atlas, left, and Pro Musica production with pantomimist Yoram Boker and Dalia Atlas conducting.

tistic activities of some 60 concerts per season almost unknown to the public. The 16 string players travel up and down the country — from Haifa to Beer-sheva and Eilat and all over the North, performing in schools, for the concert circuit, for "Culture for the People" and for anybody who asks for it. The orchestra is supported by the Haifa Municipality and the Ministry of Education and Culture, every penny going to pay the musicians, with Dalia volunteering her services.

The latest programme included pantomime, with Yoram Boker, a pupil of Marcel Marcuse, who came to live in Israel in 1965. He teaches at Tel Aviv University and Beit Zvi in Ramat Gan, and appears on his own as well as with

Habimah and the Cameri. Dalia — beside running her house and bringing up three children — directs a Technion students' choir of some 150 and a full symphony orchestra of over 50 players. Once a month she holds open concerts at the Technion, with an average attendance of about 800. She plans to extend these to weekly fixtures next year. She is full of praise for the cooperation and the helpful attitude of the Technion authorities — quite exceptional in Israel.

ISAAC Stern paid a rare compliment to Israel and its President when at the I.P.O.'s Jerusalem concert last week he came out in front together with the conductor and led the Orchestra in Ha-tikva. In the interval, the Pres-

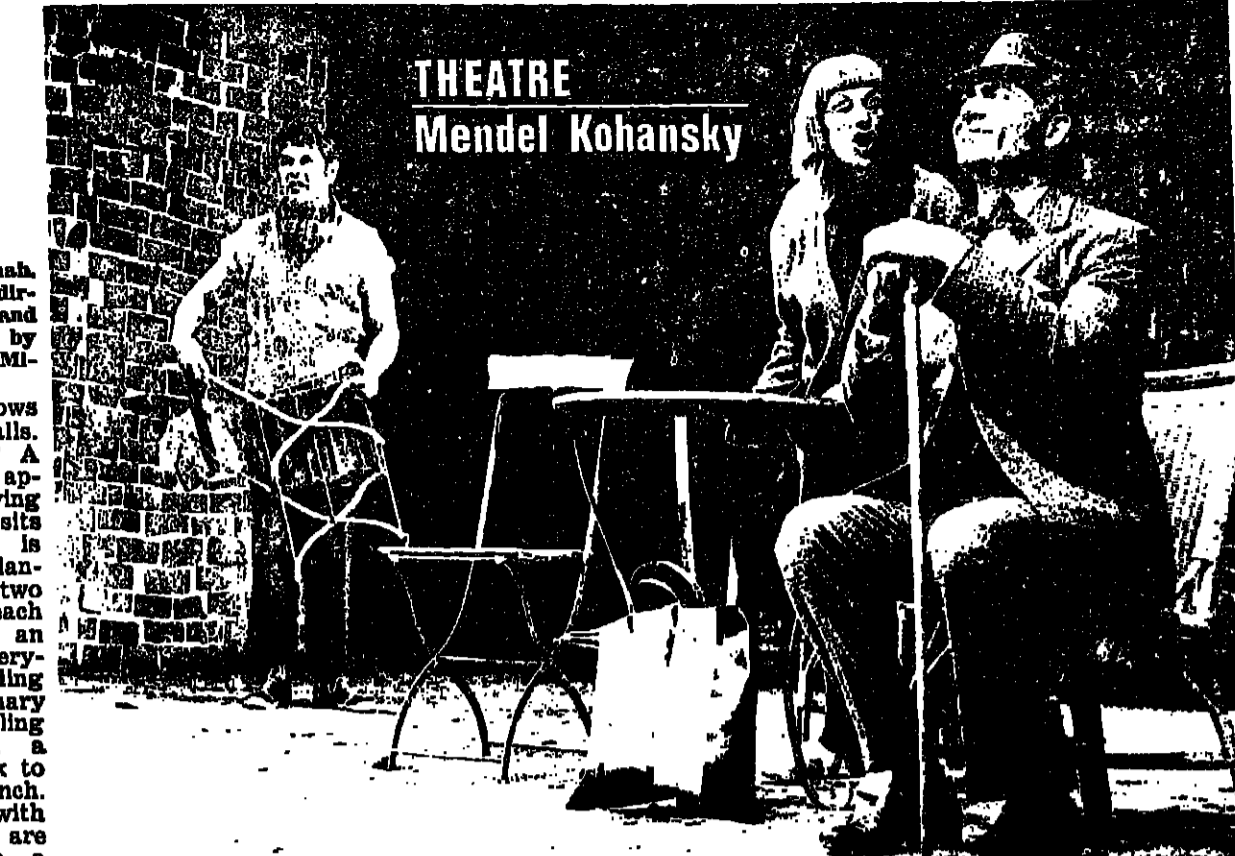
ident and the Prime Minister went backstage and spent the intermission with him, barring all his other friends who wanted to say "Hello" to him. When the news came of the sudden death of veteran conductor Michael Taube last week while the I.P.O. was playing in Haifa, Isaac Stern said a few warm words in memory of an old colleague — Taube was his first conductor in Israel, in 1949 — and played Bach's Air in G before continuing with the scheduled programme. Heifetz turned the pages for Stern's accompanist at the concert in Kibutz Yagur this week! But it was not Jascha, the violinist, it happened to Ruth, a music teacher from Haifa, who volunteered to help Alexander Zakai with the pages.

Pathetic sonata on stage

HOME by David Storey, at Habimah. Translated by Ada Ben-Nahum, directed by Michael Meicham, set and costumes by Joseph Karl, music by Poldi Schatzman, lighting by Michael Lieberman.

THE uncurtained stage shows an enclosure of tall brick walls. The back street of a slum? A prison? A well-dressed man appears leisurely strolling, enjoying the air, the view, himself. He sits down on an iron chair, and is soon joined by another man, dandified, relaxed, pleasant. The two are obviously pleased to see each other, and settle down to an amiable conversation about everything and nothing, trading banalities in the customary manner of two friends willing away a Sunday morning in a cafe. Then they go for a walk to work up an appetite for lunch.

Enter two women and with them a different mood. Both are wrecks of human beings: one a giggling, babbling, childish slut, the other an aggressive, animal-like creature. From their fragmented conversation we slowly learn that the locale is a home for the mentally ill, and the two men are patients there. The two women reappear, leisurously strolling. With the utmost gallantry they strike up an acquaintance with the women, and all four go off to lunch. It comes to us with a shock that the men are also inmates.



Members of the Batsheva Dance Company at work, filming a dance programme for television at the Citadel in the Old City of Jerusalem.

The day is nearing its end, the women are gone, the two men are back on the stage, still courteous and well-groomed, still conversing about everything and nothing, but the mood has changed radically. All pretence has been stripped off, and they stand there revealed in the full nakedness of their wretched existence, pathetically reaching out for some shred of lost hope as the day slowly dies.

Marrad by a much too long first act, in which the repetitious dialogue tries the audience's patience, David Storey's Home is a beautiful play built like a sonata, the opening theme recapitulated in a different mood after a shattering exposition. It is a poetic play suffused with pathos

and compassion for the blighted lives of its heroes, an epi-gram for a life which might have been but was not. Michael Meicham directed the play with much sensitivity for its delicate moods, and elicited fine performances from his cast. Batya Lancet is marvellous as the slut, her outrageous appearance and flirtatiousness occasionally broken through by glimpses of genuine femininity gone to ruin, Shoshana Duer is her contrasting counterpart, her body a coiled spring loaded with menace. As the two gentlemen, Nahum Buchman and Avraham Ronai give measured, restrained and deeply moving performances, and so does Rolf Brin in his almost mute role of the moron venting his aggression on chairs and other inanimate objects.

The bleak, menacing brick walls and the impressive costumes are own material, is a master of the verbal double take, throw-away line and the aside. His funniest lines are delivered almost as second thoughts, catching the audience still laughing at what it presumed to be the punch line.

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JURGEN Schneider, the ballet-master of the Stuttgart Ballet company, has just spent a month in Tel Aviv giving classes to the Batsheva and Bat-Dor companies. His teaching has been so remarkable that he has been asked to return for a three-month period. His personal story is even more remarkable: he defected last year from East to West Germany.

Dancing defector

Germany. Jurgen Schneider had met with John Cranko in East Berlin. He now got in touch with him and was immediately invited to join the Stuttgart company.

"Cranko went to the greatest trouble to find ways of making contacts for me and also for the others when they came," he said. "Of dance in Israel he says that it has a 'very interesting future. There is not the love-hate relationship of the two styles, modern and classical, that there is in Europe. So it can bring about something new.' He himself studied modern dance with a disciple of Mary Wigman in Germany."

Again all would have been well, but two days before departure, two young male members of the company were arrested. Ballet-master Schneider had to reshuffle the whole programme. "That was the last straw," he said. "I thought that next time perhaps I would not again be allowed. I wanted to be free for my work. The Soviet schools of dance are fantastic but I wanted to see what was going on in the world of dance, not to make politics." In Finland, he was concealed in a private house. A telegram was sent from Stockholm in his name to give the illusion that he was already in Sweden. "But the Russian secret police are very good," said Schneider. "They soon found out I was still in Finland. When I got to the airport, there were cars of all countries—Poland, East Germany, Russia. I had to turn back." Later, he was taken back to the airport through an other entrance concealed within a group of people, and managed to get on a plane going to West

many in 1968, he became ballet-master at the "Kommische" Theatre Felsenstein. All went well until the company was about to make a visit to Cairo and Cyprus: he was denied a passport. "I made a scandal about it," Schneider told me, "so three years later when the company was going to Finland, I got permission."

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which is now also preparing a 40-minute television programme. This will include excerpts from some seven ballets. Scenes are being shot on the beach at Bat Yam, on the banks of the Yarkon in Tel Aviv and in David's Citadel in Jerusalem. The film will be ready for showing in about two months' time.

RINA Shahan is planning an expansion of her Chamber Dance Group. She wants to add two male dancers to her company of four and to mount a satirical ballet in which she is now working. The performances will take place at the Weizmann Institute in Rehovot, where the existing stage is being enlarged. She hopes also to stage her programmes at Tel Aviv University, which is altering its auditorium so as to make it more useful for the theatre arts. The Rina Shahan Chamber Dance Group is at present giving performances at various places, including Kibbutz Ha-Ogen and Rishon.

So will the Batsheva Company.

RADIO FOR MUSIC LOVERS. TODAY: 1.30 p.m.: Chelka from Spain, Canada, 1.35 p.m.: Ramonella-Silinger, Charles Suite, Beethoven, 1.45 p.m.: Suite, No. 7 (Oletrah-Oberla), 2.00 p.m.: Bagdad, 2.15 p.m.: Concerto, No. 10, 2.30 p.m.: Suite, No. 10, 2.45 p.m.: Suite, No. 10, 3.00 p.m.: Suite, No. 10, 3.15 p.m.: Suite, No. 10, 3.30 p.m.: Suite, No. 10, 3.45 p.m.: Suite, No. 10, 4.00 p.m.: Suite, No. 10, 4.15 p.m.: Suite, No. 10, 4.30 p.m.: Suite, No. 10, 4.45 p.m.: Suite, No. 10, 5.00 p.m.: Suite, No. 10, 5.15 p.m.: Suite, No. 10, 5.30 p.m.: Suite, No. 10, 5.45 p.m.: Suite, No. 10, 6.00 p.m.: Suite, No. 10, 6.15 p.m.: Suite, No. 10, 6.30 p.m.: Suite, No. 10, 6.45 p.m.: Suite, No. 10, 7.00 p.m.: Suite, No. 10, 7.15 p.m.: Suite, No. 10, 7.30 p.m.: Suite, No. 10, 7.45 p.m.: Suite, No. 10, 8.00 p.m.: Suite, No. 10, 8.15 p.m.: Suite, No. 10, 8.30 p.m.: Suite, No. 10, 8.45 p.m.: Suite, No. 10, 9.00 p.m.: Suite, No. 10, 9.15 p.m.: Suite, No. 10, 9.30 p.m.: Suite, No. 10, 9.45 p.m.: Suite, No. 10, 10.00 p.m.: Suite, No. 10, 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THIS WEEK AT THE MUSEUM

Tuesday, March 14, 1972
6 and 8.30 p.m.

ART FILM CLUB
"Viridiana" (Spain, 1960)
With Silvia Pinal, Francisco Rabal, Fernando Rey. Directed by Luis Bunuel.
Dialogue in Spanish; Hebrew subtitles.
Short film: "Seasons" (Israel) by Avraham Hofner. Please buy tickets in advance. Tuesday; sale to members only.

Tuesday, March 14, 1972
7.30 p.m.

GALLERY TALK (Heb.)
"Decorated Pottery of the Middle and Late Canaanite Periods"
Mrs. Ruth Amiran

Wednesday, March 15, 1972
8.30 p.m.

Fourth lecture (Heb.) in the series: "Ancient Cities in Eretz-Israel"
"The Jewish City in the Talmudic Period — Its Structure and Organizations"
Prof. Shmuel Safrai
Tickets: members IL1.

EXHIBITIONS
The Floersheimer Collection (Goldmann-Schwartz Hall)
Jean Arp in Jerusalem (Goldmann-Schwartz Hall)
New Acquisitions in Graphics (Cohen Hall)
Artists' Portraits (Library Hall)
Old Master Paintings from the Museum's Collection (Spartus Hall)
Puppets, Toys and Children's Work (Youth Wing)
Athens — Its Golden Age (Youth Wing)

SPECIAL EXHIBIT
Renoir — Portrait of Mme. Paulin, gift of Ogden Phipps

SPECIAL EXHIBIT at Rockefeller
Silver treasure of the 8th century B.C.E.
Monday 2.30 p.m. (Rockefeller) — mixed classes in painting for Jewish and Arab girls aged 9-12. Registration at Youth Wing (Tel. 38231)

WHAT'S ON

Plant a Tree in Israel
With your own hands!
Free tours for planters to the Hills of Judaea leave every Monday and Wednesday from Jerusalem and every Tuesday from Tel Aviv. For details and registration please call Visitors Department, Boy Scouts of Israel, 2000, Tel Aviv, Tel. 24449.

ALL WEEK IN JERUSALEM
* Israel Museum — Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs., 10 a.m.-6 p.m.; Tues., Thurs. of the Book, 10 a.m.-10 p.m.; Museum, 4 p.m.-10 p.m.; Fri., Sat., 10 a.m.-2 p.m.
* Consistent Tours:
Hadasah Tours —
1. Tour of Hadasah Projects in Jerusalem. 8.30 a.m. Strauss Junction, Centre, 24 Rehov Strauss. IL2.40 or \$3 cents. transportation and refreshments.
2. Medical Centre Only, includes visit to Chagall windows, exclusive Audio-Visual Presentation of the "Hadasah Story" at 8.30 a.m., 11 a.m., 12.15 p.m. and 3 p.m. Kennedy Tourist and Information Centre. Medical Centre. No charge. Bus 19 and 27. For further information Tel. 38533, Jerusalem.
3. Boys Town Jerusalem — (Kiryat Noar), Bayit Vegen. Daily tours (except Shabbat). Tel. 631212.
4. Hebrew University, conducted tours in English weekdays at 9 and 11 a.m. starting from the lobby or the Administration Building and at 8.30 a.m. from the Truman Research Institute at the Mount Scopus campus.
5. Jerusalem Bible School, Schneller Wood, Romema. Tel. 2529. 7.30 a.m.-8.30 p.m. Special Synagogue Tour, Signed Tours free.6. Jerusalem Bible School, Schneller Wood, Romema. Tel. 2529. 7.30 a.m.-8.30 p.m. Special Synagogue Tour, Signed Tours free.7. Tel Aviv University, daily guided tours in English, of RAMAT AVIV CAMPUS daily except Saturdays. Free transportation to point at University — 10.30 a.m. Public. Free transportation on Mondays 8 a.m.-Tadmor, Sharon, Acadia, Yaffo, Ramat Aviv, Ramat Gan, Ramat HaSharon, Adiv, Tel. 41111. Public Relations Dept. Ramat Aviv University: daily for free transportation please call public relations, Tel. 787461.
8. Hilon — Tel. Aviv. H. Stern's duty-free Jewellery. International guarantee, Government-approved.

Central Bus Station, 2 p.m., Friday.
Traditional Synagogue Tour, United Tours office, King David Hotel Annex, 2 p.m. Friday.
Oneq Shabbat Weekly Portion, Community Singing in English! Hechal Shitumim, 9 p.m. Friday.
Van Leer's stunning new seven-colour Foster Map, hand-drawn from 187,000 individual photos, slides, every single building. Ask for Van Leer's wall maps at gift and bookstores everywhere.
Rockefeller Museum — Sun., Thurs. 12, at 4.00 p.m. Prof. Mahanaim Avigad will lecture in English on "Excavations in the Jewish Quarter, Jerusalem" under the auspices of Hebrew Union College and Albright Institute of Archaeology.

TEL AVIV
The Tel Aviv Museum, Shuruf Shaul Hamelech, new exhibition, "The Gallows of Baghdad" by painter Abraham Rattner, New York, to mark three years — execution of Jews in Iraq (Stat. Hall), Museum Collections: Impressionism, Expressionism, and Ecole de Paris — Jaglom Hall, Israel painting and sculpture — Meyerhof Hall; Art and Science Hall 8; Hours: Sun., Mon., Fri., Thurs. 9-1, 4-7; Tues. 10-1, 4-7; Wed. 10-1, 4-7; Thurs. 10-1, 4-7; Fri. 10-1, 4-7; Sat. 10-1, 4-7. Free guided tours in English at 11.30 a.m. Helene Rubinstein Pavilion 8 Rehov Tarast, Israel Paldi, retrospective exhibition, paintings, collages, reliefs, Museum He'aretz; Ramat Aviv, (3) Glass Museum; (2) Kadman Numismatic Museum; (3) Ceramics Museum; (4) Museum of Ethnography and Folklore; (5) Museum of Science and Technology; (6) Tel Aviv Museum, Mon., Tues., Thurs. 10 a.m.-5 p.m.; Fri., 9 a.m.-4 p.m.; 10 a.m.-5 p.m.; Sat., 10 a.m.-1 p.m. Conducted tours: *Tel Aviv University: Free conducted tours in English, of RAMAT AVIV CAMPUS daily except Saturdays. Free transportation to point at University — 10.30 a.m. Public. Free transportation on Mondays 8 a.m.-Tadmor, Sharon, Acadia, Yaffo, Ramat Aviv, Ramat Gan, Ramat HaSharon, Adiv, Tel. 41111. Public Relations Dept. Ramat Aviv University: daily for free transportation please call public relations, Tel. 787461.
Hilon — Tel. Aviv. H. Stern's duty-free Jewellery. International guarantee, Government-approved.

The Israel National Opera
1 Allenby Road, Tel Aviv
Tel. 57228
Tomorrow, March 11
THE GYPSY BARON

The Public Council of Journalists and Artists
A festive evening in honour of

Pesahke Burstein
on the occasion of his 50th anniversary on the stage will be held
in the presence of Premier Golda Meir
on Thursday, April 6, 1972, at 8.30 p.m.
in Heichal Hatarbut

With the participation of:
PESAHKE BURSTEIN, with his famous songs
LILIAN LUX
SHMUEL FINKEL
SHMUEL RODENSKI
SHMUEL SEGAL
RAFAEL KLATZKIN
LIA KOENIG
ZISE GOLD
PERALE MAGER
ARIEL FURMAN
Moderator: **MIKE BURSTEIN**

Second part:
THE MEGILLA by Itzik Manger
with the original cast
Sale of tickets has begun at Atid, 5 Rehov Hagall, Tel. 31685, Tel Aviv, and at other agencies.

This week at the Tel Aviv Museum

THE NEW BUILDING, 84, Shaul Hamelech (Tel. 287281)
NEW EXHIBITIONS — Ami Shavit — Kinetic Works and Serigraphs (69-71, Hall No. 3) — Ernst Neizvestny — Etchings Graphic Hall)
Special guided tour (Heb.) on Wed., March 15, 5.30 p.m.
EXHIBITIONS — Abraham Rattner — The Gallows of Baghdad (Hart Hall); Israeli Painting and Sculpture (Meyerhof Hall); Art and Science (Hall No. 3)
MUSEUM COLLECTIONS — (Zacks Hall, Yaglom Hall)
GUIDED TOURS (only in English) at 11.30 a.m. daily (except Sat.)
Visiting Hours: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs., 10 a.m.-1 p.m., 4-7 p.m. Tues., 10 a.m.-1 p.m., 4 p.m.-10 p.m., Fri., 10 a.m.-1 p.m., Sat., 8 p.m.-10 p.m.
LIBRARY: The Helene Rubinstein Art Library (New Building) open Sun.-Thurs., 10-1, 4-7; Fri., 10-1.
THE HELENA RUBINSTEIN PAVILION, Rehov Tarast (Tel. 287196)
Fri. 10-1; Sat., 8-10 p.m.
Special guided tour (Heb.) in the Israel Paldi Exhibition: Thurs., March 16 at 8.30 p.m.
SPECIAL EVENTS (Mally Kaufman Hall; 8.30 p.m.)
Tues., March 14, 1972 — Encounter with the artist Ami Shavit on the subject of Kinetic Art.
Thurs., March 16, 1972 — "My Concerns" a talk (in English) by Prof. Roman Vishniac (U.S.), who photographed "The Still" in the thirties and, also, the invisible world of the microcosmos (film, slides). The Institute is organized in cooperation with the Museum of Science and Technology and the Israel Scientific Film Organization (admission free).
Film: Mon., March 13, 1972, "Avventura" (Italy, 1960). Antonioni's film with Monica Vitti, Lea Massari and Gabriele Ferrel. Short film: Marino Marini.
CONCERT — (in cooperation with the Tel Aviv Municipality)
Sat., March 11, 1972, Mordecai Ben-Shachar, harpist; Yonatan Zak, piano (Handel, Beethoven, Wolf, Borodin, Debussy, Beethoven).
Tickets to all events available at the New Building. For concerts — also at "Union", 118 Rehov Dizengoff and Fromm's Music Supplies, 7 Rehov Bamber.

Entrance fee IL1 (the ticket allows entrance to both the New Building and the Helene Rubinstein Pavilion)

SUNDAY!



Sheraton Hotel's Famous Sunday Night Buffet

Enjoy Sheraton's generously loaded Buffet tables — eat as much as you can — and after dinner visit the Magic Carpet Night Club. One all inclusive price: IL2. — (including taxes).

On the programme:
★ **JOHNNY BUFFALO** and his Italian orchestra
★ **GEMINI TWINS** Twin singers from England

Every Wednesday at 8 p.m. Fashion Show, Tea, and the full Night Club programme.
Every Saturday at 8 p.m. afternoon Tea-Dance and the full Night Club programme (IL3 per person, incl. taxes)

Sheraton-Tel Aviv Hotel
SHERATON HOTEL TEL AVIV, A HOLDING COMPANY OF THE SHERATON GROUP

THE YIDDISH MUSICAL THEATRE
Presents the international stars
HENRI GERBO ROSITA LONDNEE

in the musical comedy
PERLECH IZ SHVERLECH
with a large cast of the best Yiddish actors
Musical Direction: Shaul Bessovsky

YAHARVA Hod
Tonight March 16, 8.30
TEL AVIV, Ohel Shalom
Saturday, March 11, 6.45, 8.15
RAFAEL KLATZKIN Star
Monday, March 13, 8.30
DIMONA Dimona
Tuesday, March 14, 8.30
TEL AVIV, Ohel Shalom
Wednesday, March 15, 8.30
KEPAR SABA
Thursday, March 16, 8.30

ENCOUNTER WORKSHOPS
Drop-in Groups (once a week, no need to register in advance) IL2
Tel. 41111, Birth House, 10 Rehov Kaplan
Sundays at 8: English
Sundays at 8.30: Hebrew
Tel. 41111, Birth House, Central Carmel
Tuesdays at 8.30: Hebrew
* Workshop Contact Workshop (Hebrew) with Golda Schwartz, March 16-17
Full schedule of workshops and social meetings, from Tivon Growth Centre, 4 Rehov Hadasah, Ramat, Tel. 04-582876

VOLUNTARY DEFENCE FUND

Bargains!
Original handicraft * multi-coloured carpets * embroidered tunics and dresses * bathing and beach suits, 1972/73 models * shirts and pullovers for the spring * modern home appliances * home-baked cakes * surprise corner * art gallery, etc. etc. ...

The bazaar is open:
Tuesday, March 14, 8-10 p.m.
Wednesday, March 15, 10 a.m.-7 p.m.

Inbal Dance Theatre
JERUSALEM, "Mitchell" Saturday, March 11, 8.30
KRYAT MALACHI, Tuesday, March 14, 8.30
Omanut La'am
JERUSALEM, "Khan" Wednesday, March 15, 8.30
TEL AVIV, "Belt Arlosoroff" Thursday, March 16, 8.30
TICKETS AT AGENTS

SOVA שווא
RESTAURANT KOSHEB
3 Rehov Habladrut, Tel. 222266, 221396, Jerusalem
Self-Service and Dairy Cafeteria
For Saturdays and Holidays please make your arrangements in advance.

MY BAR
American Bar and Restaurant
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Jerusalem
Open 8 p.m.-2 a.m.
Every Friday except day a "Happy Hour"
"Playboy" says: the best Martini in the Middle East.

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RESTAURANT
Oriental & European Specialities
Special Charcoal Grill
Pleasant Atmosphere
Tel. 227382 Background Music
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THE LITTLE ENGLISH THEATRE
presents
"TAKE TWO"
"THE DRAPES COME" by Charles Dizenzo
"TREVOR" comedy by John Bowen
SUNDAY, March 12 and WEDNESDAY, March 15, at the Z.O.A. House, at 8.30 p.m.
Tickets: Rocco, Union, Z.O.A. House and hotels.

Pargod Theatre • Club International
The Club for New Jerusalemites
42 Rehov Talpori off Rehov Ussishkin, bus No. 5
with:
JERRY EVANS ARNOLDO JULIO
A Get-together over a cup of Coffee with Dancing
Tickets IL2.50

SEE A PLAY IN HEBREW AND ALL YOU HAVE TO UNDERSTAND IS ENGLISH
SIMULTANEOUS TRANSLATION OF PLAYS
BY SPECIALLY TRAINED ACTORS
THE HABIMAH THEATRE
The Gypsies of Jaffa
only on
Sat., March 18, 8.30 • Tues., March 21, 8.30
Tickets at hotels and the theatre box office
Telephone Rental desk in the foyer of the theatre on the evening of performance.

THE ISRAEL CHAMBER ENSEMBLE

Artistic Director: Gary Sorokin
3 SPECIAL CONCERTS
Conductor: YOAV TALMI
Solist: ANNA PASHLEY — Soprano
ROSANNE CREEFFIELD — Mezzo Soprano
with: Women's choir from "RINAT" PERGOLESE
STABAT MATER
and works by:
PURCELL, GLUCK, BACH, MENDELSSOHN

HAIFA "SEAVIT" Hall Mon. 20.3.72 at 8.30 p.m. Tickets at: "GARBSH"	TEL AVIV DUKICH Hall Thurs. 23.3.72 at 8.30 p.m. Tickets at: "UNION"	JERUSALEM Y.M.C.A. Hall Sat. Night 25.3.72 at 8.30 p.m. Tickets at: "CAHANA" 1 Rehov Herbert Samuel Voucher No. 51
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Habimah
Premiere **STEFERU**
Tel Aviv, Large Hall
Sat., March 11, 8.30
Sun., March 12, 8.30
Mon., March 13, 8.30

THE GYPSIES OF JAFFA
Tel Aviv, Large Hall
Thurs., March 16, 8.30

HEROD AND MIRIAM
Tel Aviv, Large Hall
Wed., March 15, 8.30

HOME
Tel Aviv, Small Hall
Sun., March 12, 8.30
Mon., March 13, 8.30

THE INDEPENDENCE NIGHT
OF ISRAEL SHEFI
Tel Aviv, Small Hall
Sat., March 11, 8.15
Sun., March 12, 8.15
Mon., March 13, 8.30

RELATIVELY SPEAKING
Mifal Omanut La'am
Thurs., March 15, 8.30

The Cameri Theatre
YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU
Comedy
Tel Aviv,
Sat., March 11, 8.30, 8.15
Sun., March 12, 8.30, 8.15
Wed., March 15, 8.30
Thurs., March 16, 8.30

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE
William Shakespeare
Tel Aviv,
Sat., March 11, 8.30
Wed., March 15, 8.30
Thurs., March 16, 8.30

THE INDIAN WANTS THE BRONX
Tel Aviv, Zaria
Tues., March 14, 8.30

Haifa Municipal Theatre
Premiere **OUR TOWN**
by Thornton Wilder
Adaptation: Yehoshua Sobol
Set design: Malki Dar
Haifa,
Sat., March 11, 8.30
Sun., March 12, 8.30
Tues., March 14, 8.30
Wed., March 15, 8.30

1972 PERFORMANCE
THE DAYS ARE COMING
"An estimable performance"
M. Kobanov,
The Jerusalem Post
Bar Am., March 11
Bett Habimah, March 12
Haifa, March 13
Abdada, Zaria, March 14
SHOVELY RIFLETA
by Hanser Levin
Directed: Oded Kattler
Box office, Tel. 81222

